

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 9, 1970 50 CENTS

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Quaker State your car to keep it running young.



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SENIOR IDENTIFICATION is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office. Registration: Copyright, New York, N.Y. 10030, James B. Shepley, President; Richard B. McLaughlin, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in U.S. Subscriptions price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands: \$10.00 a year, including postage anywhere in the world: \$7.00 a year, all others \$14.00 a year.

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Next week

THE HIGH SCHOOLER (or this and most other seasons is 6' 11") Tom McMillen, the most sought-after basketball player since Alcindor and, says Peter Carr, one of the most elusive.

CAN A CITIZEN HELP Prevent Nixon light pollution? Well, it isn't easy, as Robert Boyle found in his long campaign to stop a railroad from spewing oil into the Hudson.

SENIOR GOLFERS Attention! Gene Sarazen shows how older players can compete with class after the stretch has gone out of their backswings and the whip out of their wrists.

4



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The Saturday-night prom brought out boys in tuxes and girls in full-length evening gowns, dancing sedately under the watchful eyes of the prom chaperons.



Sweater and skirt, bobby socks and saddle shoes were the "in" costume for teen-age girls, while the zoot suit (right) was mandatory for a young man who was "in the groove."



THE SWING ERA

Swing music, like rock today, was the expression of a generation, of boys and girls growing up in the 30's and 40's. In "How It Was to Be Young Then" the editors of Time-Life Records take you on a nostalgic visit to the Swing Era. You'll see how it was and what the music was all about. You'll see how youth got "in the groove," how eating goldfish, bubble-gum contests, jukebox parties, the soda fountain, a date and, of course, the big bands all played their part in growing up. These were the days when beer was a dime a mug, and the roadster with a rumble seat was a favorite. It's all captured in exciting pictures and words in "How It Was to Be Young Then." Examine it for 10 days free. Find out how on the opposite page.



Trombonist Glenn Miller led one of the great groups that made the brilliant Swing Era glitter.

Below: Part of growing up was the chance for quiet talk, tender moods at weekend parties.



FREE TIME-LIFE Sports Illustrated READERS WHO LIKE SWING MUSIC

FREE—10-day trial of the three-record album "The Swing Era: 1940-1941" (30 hit tunes on 12-inch stereo LPs)

FREE—10-day examination of the picture book "How It Was to Be Young Then" in the big-band Swing Era

Remember the great music of the Swing Era?

- Artie Shaw's *Begin the Beguine*
- Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade*
- Tommy Dorsey's *Opus One*
- Benny Goodman's great *Let's Dance*

Now — hear their music re-created in today's stereo—by accepting at no obligation a whole Time-Life Records' book-and-record package containing 30 such great swing performances, complete, in modern LP stereo—with a volume of pictures and stories that tells "How It Was to Be Young Then"—in the *Swing Era*—yours to enjoy for 10 days free!

The remarkable music you'll hear on these big 12-inch stereo LPs is based on the classic arrangements that made the big bands famous. These great arrangements were rerecorded by specially assembled groups of present-day virtuoso musicians and arrangers, all of them devotees of the Swing Era. Each new recording has been carefully checked against existing 78 rpm. Except for the superb richness of these new hi-fi records, you probably couldn't tell which were played by the original band. Only these sounds don't come to you on a 78 recording: the only kind of records that were made in 1940 — but in brilliant, modern stereo. It's as if the big bands of the Swing Era had made recordings for you today—with all their original magic enhanced by the miracle of today's sound!

AN EXCITING OFFER

We will gladly send you a three-record album, "The Swing Era: 1940-1941," which contains 30 recordings of the greatest hits of some of the greatest swing bands. We'd like you to enjoy this album for 10 days free — to discover for yourself how faithfully Time-Life Records has recaptured the excitement of the big-band Swing Era!

For part of the *Swing Era* package, you'll also receive a wonderfully nostalgic book of words and pictures entitled "How It Was to Be Young Then," which re-creates the joys of growing up in that wonderful era: the Saturday-night college proms, with two big bands performing and couples doing the Lindy Hop; fraternity house, college queens, dancing in the aisles at the Paramount Theatre on Broadway, the world of beer and Coke dates, comic books, non-convicted colleges and weekend dates... as different from today's world as Glenn Miller is different from Benny Goodman. Together, your records and book will let you live again to the rhythm of swing!

THE BEST-LOVED SWING MUSIC

Your album will take you on a nostalgic — but lively! — journey back to those happy days just before America entered World War II, when Roosevelt was jumping and Harlem's Cotton Club echoed with the sounds of Duke Ellington and his band. You'll hear "Stealin' Apples," played just as it was by Benny Goodman at so many college proms. You'll hear "Moonlight Serenade" and "In the Mood," played just as they were by Glenn Miller at Frank Dailey's Mendocino or the Club Island Casino.

Those were the golden days for the swing bands, as they played their way into the hearts of millions of Americans. And your album will bring you 30 of the hits that captivated the country — yours to enjoy again and again, played just as they were—but with the magic of modern high-fidelity stereo.



BE OUR GUEST

Listen to these 30 superb recordings and enjoy "How It Was to Be Young Then" for 10 full days as a guest of Time-Life Records. There's no cost, and you are under no obligation. Just sample this album-and-book package. If you are not delighted, simply return it, and that will end the matter.

But, if you are as delighted as we think you will be, keep "The Swing Era: 1940-1941" and enjoy a second pleasant surprise! The three 12-inch long-playing records in this great package have been recorded to the most exacting technical specifications. They are the highest-quality vinyl, identical to stereo records selling for \$4.95 and more each. You might expect to pay \$15 for the three records alone, without the hard-cover book. Yet, because Time-Life Records has ordered these recordings in the large economical pressing, and because we sell direct to you without the cost of retail outlets or salesmen, we can offer this three-record album for just \$11.95, plus shipping and handling. In stereo, with the Time-Life Records book "How It Was to Be Young Then" included at no extra cost. Just mail the attached postage-prepaid reply card today, and we will mail you your album for 10 days' free trial.

YOUR INTRODUCTION TO A NEW SERIES

"The Swing Era: 1940-1941" is the first in an exciting swing-band record-and-book series created by Time-Life Records called "The Swing Era." Together, these recordings bring you the best of the great swing music from 1935 through the memorable years when swing was capturing the hearts of millions down to the war years and the postwar boom.

There will be additional albums and

picture books. Each package will be shipped, on approval, every second month to listeners who subscribe. There is, however, no commitment, and any record-and-book package may be returned—or the free audition privilege may be cancelled by you at any time. By returning the attached reply card, you simply accept the privilege of listening to "The Swing Era: 1940-1941" for 10 days FREE. Fill out the reply card NOW and mail it TODAY.

30 SWING HITS YOU'LL HEAR

GLENN MILLER version of *Moonlight Serenade* • *Swing Serenade* • *Little Brown Jug* • *In the Mood* • *Tuxedo Junction* • *April Gloom* • *Forty-1* • *Hi*

HARRY JAMES version of *Two O'clock Jump* • *Swing Mykles* • *Columbia* • *You Made Me Love You*

CHARLIE BARNET version of *Gherokee* • *Popcorn Turquoise* • *Redskin Rumba*

TOMMY DORSEY version of *Lonesome Road* • *Forty-1* • *Hi* • *Swanee River* • *Deep River*

BENNY GOODMAN version of *Stealin' Apples* • *Let's Dance*

ARTIE SHAW version of *Temptation* • *Princess* • *Starbuck*

LES BROWN version of *Blind Man's Day*

BOB CROSBY version of *South Rampart Street Parade*

DIKE LAUGHTON version of *Take the A Train*

WOODY HERMAN version of *Blues on Parade*

BAMMIE LUMFORD version of *Well All Right Then*

CLAUDE THORNHILL version of *Stealin' Apples*

JAN SAVITT version of *770 in the Books*

A vintage advertisement featuring two men in suits. The man in the foreground is wearing large headphones and acting as a DJ, with his hands on two turntables. He has a cigarette in his mouth. The man in the background is holding a pack of Viceroy cigarettes. The scene is set in a room with a clock on the wall and a cup of coffee on the table.

Don't settle
for some of the taste
some of the time.

Viceroy gives
you all the taste
all the time.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREANER

DARKEST AFRICA

Arthur Ashe behaved with dignity and restraint when he applied for a visa to play tennis this spring in South Africa. South Africa's ruling politicians reacted with typical boorishness in denying the visa. The tiny cracks in the *apartheid* wall have been sealed up and South Africa has totally exposed itself as unreconstructed racist, which is as much of a tragedy for that country's athletes—whose opportunities for international competition are rapidly becoming nil—as it is for the rest of the world.

CAMOUFLAGE

According to Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, the accusation has been made that the NCAA is anti-Semitic because it refused to sanction a U.S. basketball team for last summer's Maccabiah Games in Israel. Byers properly refuted the charge, which had no basis in fact—the failure to sanction was part of the jurisdictional war between the NCAA and the AAU—but he neglected to say who, if anyone, made it. That is important, because proving it is not anti-Semitic does not absolve the NCAA from blame for its series of faux pas this year, including the Jack Langer case. (Langer is the Yale basketball player who went to the Maccabiah Games anyway, with his college's approval; the NCAA reacted by suspending Yale.) It is not racial bias the NCAA is being accused of but stupidity, a more difficult charge to refute.

EMPTY ISSUE?

Curt Flood's suit against baseball and its famous reserve clause (which, in effect, binds a player for life to the club that holds his contract) may have historic significance, particularly if Flood wins his case, but it might turn out to have a relatively minor effect on the game, despite hysterical cries that baseball will die if it can't keep the clause. Realistically, what will happen if the reserve clause is abolished or drastically

revised? The presumption is that players with expiring contracts would go into a free-agent pool each year and could then sign with any one of the 24 big-league teams, presumably the ones who came up with the most money. Stars would be able to sell themselves to the highest bidders and would be a cinch to draw impressive bonuses to jump to other clubs. And the rich clubs would end up with all the good players.

But will it work this way? Will a baseball club pay large bonuses to sign players it knows it can lose at the termination of their contracts, particularly when it knows that one raid invites another and that a club burned by the loss of a star is bound to retaliate by nosing around in your roster to see what it can pick up?

Look at pro football. A pro football player can free himself from his contract by "playing out his option." Theoretically, then, the game should be teeming with free agents seeking to better themselves, and the weaker clubs should be tossing around bags of money to attract them. But it hasn't happened. Teams are noticeably reluctant to take on a man who has played out his option—partly because pro football insists that a player of comparable quality must be transferred to the new man's former club—and the list of football players who have switched teams this way is significantly small. There may be a brief flurry of club-jumping in baseball when the reserve clause goes, but the major leagues are certain to establish a similar one-hand-washes-the-other system to maintain stability of rosters.

HOME AND AWAY

Al McGuire, the outspoken Marquette basketball coach, says he learned something about scheduling from Ray Meyer, his counterpart at De Paul. "Play at home early, on the road later," says McGuire, whose team was 14-1 after playing 13 of its first 15 games at home. "That gives the players confidence and

makes them mentally tough, and that's what they have to be. Otherwise, they get upset by little things. You might blow a game because a plane lands a few minutes late, or because their room keys aren't waiting when they check into the hotel. You've got to lead them upstairs and put their legs in the air and feed them Jell-O."

Alien referees and hostile crowds are factors, McGuire claims, only when a team travels more than 500 miles. "Then you might get different interpretations from different officials, and different weather can have a psychological effect."

McGuire's team finishes the season with seven out of nine on the road. It will be interesting to note the results.

CRABAPPLE TIME

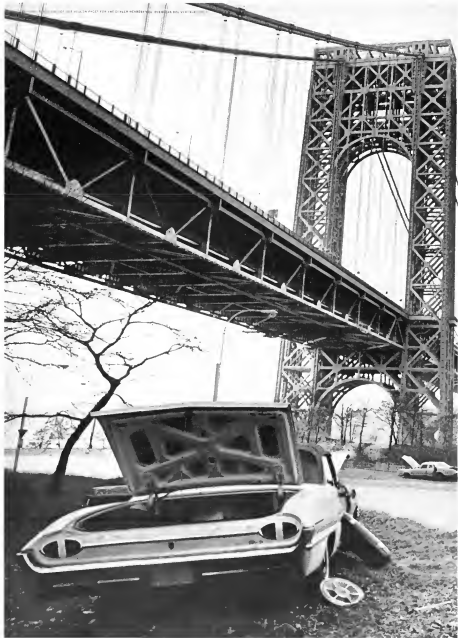
Three boys in Arlington, Va. have come up with a new sport—it's new to us, at any rate—and an association to govern it. The group is called the National Crabapple Association of America (that's NCAA for short, in case you're not too alert today), and the sport is, well,



crabapppling. The way you play it, according to Jeff Carpenter, one of the founding fathers (the other two are Mike Snowa and Mike Murray), is you "throw the crabapple out in the street and have it get run over by either a car, truck, bus or motorcycle." It is an autumnal sport because you don't find many crabapples around in, say, March.

There is a clearly defined code of

continued



THE ROADS OF AMERICA ARE STREWN WITH BROKEN PROMISES.

More than fifty thousand cars were abandoned last year. In New York City alone.

This isn't just a local phenomenon, either. People everywhere are throwing up their hands and walking away from cars; littering the roads with monuments to frustration.

Volvo offers a simple solution to the problem: Volvo.

Even if you could drive one into the ground, it would be too valuable to leave lying there. (Check prices of old Volvos in your newspaper.)

And a Volvo won't give you reason to make the attempt. Road & Track Magazine projects "110,000 miles between overhauls."

Volvo, in short, is built to last a long time.

We don't guarantee exactly how long, but we do know that 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

On.

Not all over.



rules in the *Official NCAA Rule Book*, and a few of them bear mentioning here. For instance:

• Four hips (being hit but no real damage) count as one hit.

• A hit by a motorcycle counts as two points.

• Two crunches (at least a third of the crabapple is smashed) count as one hit.

• If you have three pickups and on your third toss you get a crunch you may pick it up and throw it again.

• A limit of two may be thrown at the intersection of Little Falls Street and Yorktown Boulevard.

Sounds like a fine sport and should remain so, unless the other NCAA gets its teeth into the crabapples.

AMATEUR PRO SCOUT

Although some teams draft according to their needs and others draft according to their checkbooks, it is always fun to study the pro football draft and figure out the grand, final, unofficial All-America team. One does this by looking at the first players chosen at their respective positions, the idea being that they must be the best at these positions. Here is how it works out:

OFFENSE

- E—Steve Zabel, Oklahoma
- E—Ken Burroughs, Texas Southern
- T—Bob McKay, Texas
- T—John Ward, Oklahoma State
- G—Doug Wilkerson, N.C. Central
- G—Chuck Hutchinson, Ohio State
- C—Ken Mendenhall, Oklahoma
- QB—Terry Bradshaw, La. Tech.
- B—Larry Stegert, Texas A&M
- B—Bob Anderson, Colorado
- B—Norm Bullock, TCU

DEFENSE

- E—Phil Olsen, Utah State
- E—Cedric Hardman, N. Texas State
- T—Al Cowling, USC
- T—Mike McCoy, Notre Dame
- LB—John Small, The Citadel
- LB—Jim Fries, Oklahoma
- LB—Jack Reynolds, Tennessee
- B—Bruce Taylor, Boston U.
- B—Steve Tannen, Florida
- B—Ray Jones, Southern U.
- B—Alden Roche, Southern U.

Fewer than half of these made the AP and UPI All-America teams, but that does not mean they were unknowns. For example, Peter Marasco of Tarrytown, N.Y., who makes a hobby of keeping track of top college players, made up a

list of leading pro prospects three weeks ago. In it he tabbed all but six of the 22 players noted above. Not bad for a fellow who doesn't have a staff of professional scouts, or a travel budget, or access to game films.

IN THIS CORNER

The Metropolitan Toronto Hockey League, which has 450,000 boys in its ranks, has banned the traditional post-game practice of handshaking between rival players. Is Toronto against sportsmanship? Not at all. It is merely that after a hotly played game the kids tended to use the ritual as an the price ring: they shook hands and came out fighting. Some were even quicker than that; they shook with one hand and swung with the other. The league thought it prudent to remove the temptation.

GRISLY

It sounded like a particularly successful attack by a band of grizzlies, but all the *Chicago Tribune* was trying to do was sum up the machinations of its favorite football team when it ran an eight-column head last week that said: BEARS GET TWO COWBOYS AND FARMER.

SPORTING CHANCE

Speaking of bears, an all-out fuss erupted in Maine a few weeks ago when a man on TV's *Today Show* said that bears in that state were being shot in cages by hunters. Assistant Chief Warden John Shaw of Augusta admitted at the time, "I understand it's being done. It's not very sportsmanlike, but it's legal. A hunter with a license is allowed one bear, and it doesn't matter whether he shoots it in the woods or in a cage."

Until last September, when a one-bear limit went into effect (bears carried a \$15 bounty until 1957), it was legal in Maine to trap or kill as many bears as you could find. Some trappers killed a supply and put them in deepfreezes until a customer came along who wanted a bear to drape over his car when he drove home from the hunt. Trapper Clayton Fraser of Houlton keeps his bears alive. He and his wife raise them for zoos and animal farms, and Mrs. Fraser says the only time any were shot was when the herd needed culling. Last year, for example, they bought an old male for breeding purposes. He couldn't be used, and eventually he was bought and shot by a hunter.

"I don't think of it as inhumane,"

Mrs. Fraser says. "It's better than hunting them in the woods where they may be only wounded and crawl off to die because a hunter is afraid to follow them. They were shot humanely here." Only old bears or those that won't breed were shot, she says, and fewer than five a year were thus dispatched. Hunters wanted them for trophies or rugs or just to prove they had shot a bear in Maine. "We didn't ask them," Mrs. Fraser says. "After they were sold they were no longer our responsibility."

However, Ronald T. Speers, commissioner of the Department of Inland Fisheries and Game, said that he saw "nothing particularly sporting about shooting a caged bear," and he endorsed a bill, since passed and signed by the governor, to prohibit it. Speers said he did not believe the instances of shooting caged bears were widespread. "Probably no more than 10 or 15 a year, but it was still a damned poor situation."

AND FOR BLOOD

At a training-table meal at the University of Rochester, Basketball Coach Lyle Brown was discussing card and table games. Trying to remember the name of the old Chinese game mah-jongg, he asked, "What's the name of that game that little old ladies in Brooklyn like to play in the afternoon?" One of his players answered, "Handball."

THEY SAID IT

• Richard M. Nixon, President of the U.S., on the allegation that G. Harrold Carswell, his nominee for the Supreme Court, once belonged to a restricted golf club: "I can only say with regard to the restricted golf club that if everybody in Washington in Government service who belongs or has belonged to a restricted golf club was to leave Government service, this city would have the highest rate of unemployment of any city in the country."

• Joe Schmidt, Detroit Lions coach, on hearing that his quarterback, Bill Munson, might be subpoenaed to testify in the Detroit gambling inquiry: "I know Munson hasn't done anything wrong; I'd bet my house on it."

• Chuck Hixon, SMU quarterback: "At our football banquet I got a clock that didn't work. At the Columbus, Ohio dinner I got a plaque with my name spelled wrong. That's what happens when you have a 3-7 season."

END

"It wasn't exactly what I'd planned to say on the first night of our honeymoon, but somehow I got the words out.

Darling, I have lost our money."



THE WEDDING went off without a hitch. The plane took off on time. The hotel was wonderful.

But our groom (who shall remain anonymous) had already made the first mistake of his married life. He carried cash instead of American Express Travelers Cheques.

When the dinner check came and he reached for his wallet, it was gone — along with \$380 — and the bubbles went out of the champagne.

It didn't have to happen.

Suppose our groom had lost American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash. Then he could have gone to the local American Express office or representative — we're all over the world — and got his missing Cheques replaced. Result — one honeymoon rescued.

Even on weekends and holidays in the U.S., American Express can arrange an emergency refund up to \$100 to tide you over. (Just call Western Union Operator 25.)

Only American Express gives refunds 365 days a year.

Our Cheques are good everywhere — at restaurants, hotels, motels, gas stations, nightclubs, stores — both here and abroad.

You can get American Express Travelers Cheques where



American Express Travelers Cheques — the money you can't really lose.

your bank for just 1¢ for every dollar's worth.

Which means that for \$380, one handsome groom and one beautiful bride could have spared themselves a lot of grief.

American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS.

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

BIG CAT ON THE PROWL



Twenty-one years after he won the U.S. national championship (left), Pancho Gonzales is beating the pick of the pros and remains undefeated in the Tennis Champions, Inc. Classic. Last week in Detroit he clawed John Newcombe, and the week before Rod Laver was his prey. Next: Ray Emerson by ROBERT H. BOYLE

There is a smile on the face of the tiger, and the tiger's name is Richard (Pancho) Gonzales. Graying and scarred at 41 but far from enfeebled, he came from behind less than a fortnight ago in Madison Square Garden to beat Rod Laver, the No. 1 pro in the world, in the first \$10,000 winner-take-all match of the \$200,000 Tennis Champions, Inc. Classic. That victory was a triumph for nostalgia, and nostalgia supposedly can only go so far, but last Saturday night in the Detroit Olympia, Gonzales drubbed John Newcombe, the third-ranking pro in the world, for another \$10,000 win that was as sure and as swift a kill as the old tiger has ever scored. After the blood-letting was done and the 6,100 fans were cheered hoarse, Gonzales just had to shake his head in wonder at his own performance and say, "I can't remember when I played this well."

It was a stunning evening, a combination of the Jets over the Colts, the Mets over the Orioles, the Chiefs over the Vikings and Muhammad Ali over Sonny Liston. As they say in show biz,

you had to be there, folks. In almost every game that Newcombe served—and by the second set he was really pounding his serves in a desperate effort to break out of the trap—Gonzales forced him to deuce. And when Pancho served, he was all but flawless. Indeed, he lost only 18 points on his service in the straight three-set win. The old-time booming service was there, and on one occasion the ball literally parted Newcombe's hair, which stood on end like that of a startled character in the comics. True, that particular ball hit a small groove in the floor, but Newcombe's expression throughout the evening was one of bewilderment. It is said in tennis that Newcombe is so tough when he is behind that you have to shoot him to win. Gonzales had no gun. Instead he used his racket like a sabertooth. Newcombe was chopped up, sliced and skewered right out in public, and there was nothing he could do about it.

For all his fierce and brooding desire to win, Gonzales is as surprised as anyone else at his successes. If he should go on winning, he will continue playing

the remaining eight \$10,000 matches. If he wins the semifinal and then takes the final, he stands to pocket \$175,000 by late May.

All the fine details of the \$200,000 classic have yet to be worked out. The tournament is the brainchild of George MacCall, a Los Angeles insurance broker and former Davis Cup captain who is the executive director of Tennis Champions, Inc., and his partner, Fred Podesta, who is president of TCI. MacCall and Podesta met 2½ years ago when the latter was handling bookings for Madison Square Garden and MacCall had just started the National Tennis League that originally had been Jack Kramer's band of touring pros.

MacCall started negotiating with Podesta and, as he says, "We got to know one another. When Fred left his job at the Garden, we thought we could cover a lot more ground being together. The basic idea of the classic has been kicked around for years, but in order for it to mean something you have to have the best players committed to it. It wouldn't mean much if we

continued



only had our group in it. To be a true test, you've got to have all the top players participating."

Accordingly, MacCall's National Tennis League, which has contracts with six of the 10 ranking pros—Laver, Rosewall, Emerson, Stolle, Gimeno and Gonzales—made a deal with a rival group, Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis, to allow the No. 2-, 3- and 4-ranked pros, Roche, Newcombe and Okker, to participate, MacCall says. "We have an agreement now that they provide their players for certain tournaments of ours, and we in turn provide players for certain tournaments of theirs." This agreement gives the classic the nine top pros in the world, and MacCall is optimistic that Arthur Ashe, who calls himself "an independent pro," and who is ranked 10th by the pros, will compete.

"What we have done is to package the idea," MacCall says. "We do have the best of the two pro leagues. We're not gimmicking any of the rankings, and if we had Arthur Ashe we'd have

the solid 10. We arrived at a \$200,000 figure and broke it down into segments. Then we further thought of carrying it out like the playoff systems in football. We know there's an appeal to 10 \$10,000 matches, semifinals of \$25,000 and a final win of \$50,000. We're looking for what America wants, and the American public is not geared to a 10-day tournament."

MacCall vows that the schedule will be worked out, but the only certainties at this point are that Gonzales will play Emerson in Miami on Feb. 15, and whoever wins that match will play Rosewall in the Forum in Los Angeles on Feb. 28. In March there will be a \$10,000 match in Sydney between the winner of the Forum match and an opponent not yet named.

MacCall admits that some of the pros might be treated unfairly by not getting a chance to win until the tag end of the matches just before the semifinals, but that is in the nature of the promotion. So, too, was the selection of Gonzales to play Laver in the first match in the

Garden. To be frank, Gonzales was picked because his match against Laver figured to be a great draw in New York (14,617 turned out), and none of the other pros protested because they realized that Pancho, although ranked only ninth, was still a great star.

"I explained to the players that we had this year to build up the classic," MacCall says. "You have to lead off with your strength. The players understood all this. They've been wonderful, and they're all going to get a shot at \$10,000." Actually, any money that the contract pros win in the classic is gravy. They all have basic guarantees ranging from \$40,000 up to the \$90,000 collected by Laver. However, if there is one thing that irks them it is the idea, already voiced by some cynics, that Gonzales is "allowed" to win because he's a draw, or that—even though the classic may be on the up and up—the prize money is split. To MacCall and the pros, this idea is a sick joke.

Speaking seriously after his loss to Gonzales, Newcombe said, "Obviously



the money counts, but to a pro there is the prestige of winning. You have a personal feeling of wanting to win." The pros have run into this cynicism before, especially in Europe. A year and a half ago, Newcombe recalled, he beat Cliff Drysdale in Hamburg for the West German title on a night when he had played well and Drysdale was off his game. "A German paper ran a picture of Drysdale running to catch a plane," Newcombe said, "and the headline read LAMAR HUNT SAID IT WAS NEWCOMBE'S TURN TO WIN. This really got to me because my wife is from Hamburg, and I wanted that German title."

Gonzales' arrival in Detroit early Wednesday morning started off on a discordant note. There was no advance man on the scene from TCI to make arrangements, and a couple of operatives from the Olympia had called Podesta's office in New York to report that the Hotel Pontchartrain, where Pancho wanted a room, was booked full and so instead they had made a reservation at the Sheraton-Cadillac. Guess what happened? Gonzales never got the word. At dawn he stumbled off the plane, hailed a cab and drove to the Pontchartrain. Tired and hungry, he had what is reported to have been a memorable argument with a desk clerk before finally shoving off in desperation for the Sheraton-Cadillac.

A brooding sort to begin with, Gonzales was fuming before he went to a publicity luncheon that same day. He carried off interviews there in great style, but then he absolutely refused to go on radio the next day because he had not been informed of the commitment beforehand. Instead Newcombe, who had just finished adjusting his biological clock after leaving Sydney on Tuesday, went on in his place. Up until the day of the match, Gonzales was all but unapproachable, either moodily sticking to his hotel room or practicing at the suburban Franklin Racquet Club.

On Saturday afternoon Gonzales was relatively free and easy as he worked out with Roy Emerson on the newly laid Uni-Turf court at the Olympia. Later, lighting up a scrounged cigarette in the locker room, Gonzales said, "I wouldn't say that the match format is made just for me, but it is in favor of someone like myself because I'm older. I have six, seven or eight days of preparation. I've won enough five-set matches in the past few years to give me con-

fidence. I think the public has a tendency to write me off, but the players don't look upon me as finished. You go into a match like this with a lot more thought. You come into a city three or four days beforehand, and you set up a time schedule, play an hour or so in the morning and then later in the afternoon, and you adjust yourself. Sure, promoting a match, going on shows is important, but to me preparing for the match is more important."

A few minutes before 9 p.m. last Saturday, Newcombe and Gonzales were introduced for their match. Gonzales, announced as Mr. Tennis Himself, got a great hand. They played evenly until 3-3 in the first set, when Gonzales took Newcombe's service. Gonzales was moving the ball around with beautiful cross-court placements and drop shots, while Newcombe appeared to be having trouble just hitting it. "My idea," Gonzales said, "was to have him moving forward so he couldn't use his caressing touch and make those deft placements." Gonzales' strategy succeeded, and he took the set 6-4.

In the second set Gonzales continued to put a spin on his serves. Newcombe was frequently ached, and he seemed to have trouble seeing the ball. He could not seem to get set but appeared to be trying to respond to whatever Gonzales did, and whatever Gonzales did was masterful. His backhand was superb, and his pitiful drop shots drew roars from the crowd. He moved into a 3-1, then 5-3 lead and won the set easily 6-4. The third set was no contest. With Newcombe serving in the first game, the score was 30 all when he slammed a powerful serve. Gonzales returned with a forehand that roared cross-court, and Newcombe could only stand and look in wonder. Gonzales served and took a love game to move ahead 2-0. Once they exchanged drop shots, but Newcombe nudged his into the net, and in sheer exasperation he stuck his racket under his arm and clapped for himself derisively. Gonzales went ahead 3-1 after another exchange of drop shots. Newcombe came running in to make a great return, but Gonzales just teased the ball back past Newcombe who, in an act of symbolic resignation, threw his racket after it. Leading 5-2 and serving, Gonzales then made his best shots of the night. Newcombe hit a marvelous return that struck the top of the



net, rolled along the edge of the tape and then appeared to crawl down the other side. Gonzales came charging in and delicately flipped the ball cross-court out of Newcombe's reach. Pancho took the set 6-2 and another \$10,000.

In the locker room Newcombe spread his hands to shape an imaginary grapefruit and said, "He was seeing the ball about this big. I was never really in the match. Every time I tried to do something it didn't work." Across the room Gonzales said, "It's hard for me to believe, but for some reason my reflexes were so quick I was able to correct the shot even if I was moving in the wrong direction. I'm more tired right now than after the first match [with Laver], but it seems to be nerves. When you get a winning streak going, you're no longer the underdog. It gets exhausting and you can feel the tension. With rest and recuperation I don't see any reason why I shouldn't be able to play as well next time. It's a rhythm and I think a veteran of my caliber is able to hold on to it longer than a younger player."

Old Tiger Gonzales goes after Emerson in two weeks' time, and, as MacCall exclaimed at the end of the Newcombe match, "Now Gonzalo marches on Miami!"

END

THE LOOP HAS GONE HOOPS-A-DAISY

After rejecting three basketball teams, Chicago embraces the Bulls, thanks to new men in the front office and on the bench **by FRANK DEFORD**

The curtain rises on the opening of "Pat, as in Rat-A-Tat-Tat," the rare Broadway musical. Center stage, young Pat Williams, rapist in lapel, stands in The Loop. Skyline backdrop. The orchestra strikes up "... that tiddlin' tune." Chicago out-lunge guests of wood. Sally Rand. Scar-faced gangsters. A newsboy cries "Extra! Extra! Read all about the Monsters of the Midway and Papa Bear!" A woman in six-inch heels approaches Williams. "Hey, cutie, got a couple tickets for the Black Hawks?" Bewildered, Williams is almost bowled over by quickly-faced men and excited urthos. "Look out, huddo, we got to go to the Cubbers' game." Williams drops his grip and cries: "Wait a minute, what about the Chicago Bulls?" Chorus: "The Chicago who?"

The Chicago Bulls. Of the National Basketball Association. Pat Williams, 29, explains patiently over the phone. It is last fall, and he sits in his office in the nation's third largest city, the youngest general manager in major league sports. A great many important people he talks to literally have no idea who the Chicago Bulls might be.

With uncommon consistency, Chicago has rejected all efforts to provide comfort and shelter for pro basketball in its environs. The Stags, Gears and Packers-Zephyrs all atrophied, and in clever imitation of these forerunners the Bulls were showing sure signs of terminal disease by last year. They averaged 3,793 in attendance, had to sell regulars for ready cash, were late with paychecks, failed to sign top draft choices and were an embarrassment to the league.

General Manager Dick Klein, who also owned two-ninths of the team, was

nevertheless fond of assuring most anyone who would listen in Chicago that the Bulls were "one player away from a world championship." More realistically, by the time his fellow owners at last decided to turn him out last summer, the roster was the weakest in the NBA. Pat Williams inherited only one major natural resource—a bright, if

anonymous, young coach named Dick Motta. Otherwise, he had to depend on his own ingenuity.

Today, despite serious injuries to the team's only two recognized All-Stars and despite having to play one-fifth of their "home" schedule in Kansas City, the Bulls are hanging on to a playoff spot in the West and they are averaging nearly 10,000 a game—behind only New York and Los Angeles. It is a certified success story.

Still, for the precocious Williams, it is nothing particularly new. At the age of 24—and then for the succeeding three years—he was general manager of the Spartanburg (S.C.) team that led all Class A baseball in attendance. Naturally, baseball could find no way to promote such a talent, so last year Williams moved to basketball and, as business manager of the Philadelphia 76ers, he produced a new attendance record there.



In a time-out Dick Motta counsels "Butterbean" Love, vastly improved this season.

He has succeeded, unabashedly, as a disciple of Bill Vecek. Indeed, he found his profession reading *Vecek*—as in *Week*, when he was a Class D player at Miami in the Phillies chain in 1962. He hit .292 that year, his first out of Wake Forest, and caught Ferguson Jenkins. But he began to understand that his future in sports did not lie on the field when another teammate, Alex Johnson (now with the Angels), advised him: "Pat, I hit 'em when I want to; you hit 'em when you can."

In preparation for his new career, Williams at last screwed up his courage and got an audience with his idol. "I'll never forget the way I first saw Bill," Williams recalls. "It was beautifully typical of him. He was lying in a hammock, his shirt off, his leg off, reading a book of Civil War poetry and drinking a can of National Bohemian beer." Vecek counseled the young man for hours, and at last—Williams drew close, as if the message had just arrived from Mount Sinai—he promised Williams the one-two-three to success in the business of sports. Williams gasped, the door of life was being unlocked. All right, Vecek told him—first learn how to type.

It was not very romantic, but Williams proved he could vamp that part. Spartanburg (pop. 44,000) drew as many as 173,000 in a season. Every night was New Year's Eve—graways and acrobats and dog acts and awards and contests. They even had General Eckert Night, though that did not win the Palmetto States quite as much as did Henri LaMothe. Henri dove 45 feet into a tub of water 18 inches deep. "Ever since I got to Chicago," Williams says, "I've tried to figure out how to get Henri in here. But we could never clean up all the water he would splash over the court."

Things have been going so well that he has yet to bring in Little Arlene, the dainty 105-pound gourmand who put away 77 hot dogs, 21 pizzas and 19 Cokes at a 76er doubleheader last year. Landey Patton, a 29-year-old Princeton man and real-estate broker who cavorts at every game in pink costume as the volunteer mascot, Benny the Bull, says he also wanted to help start fan clubs, but there is no need. It can be tough enough just being Benny, as it was last Friday when Benny had to battle some Milwaukee Buck fans who stole the little stuffed bull he waltzes with at time-outs.

Bull sessions have been so hot that Williams even put one over on the master himself when he brought him back for Pack 'Em in Tight for Bill Vecek Night. Vecek was about to throw up the first ball when a midget ran out, pushed aside 7-foot Tom Boerwinkle and took his place for the tap. Vecek broke up in surprise. The mind boggles at what Williams has in store for Forward "Butterbean" Love on, obviously, Valentine's Day.

Any affection showered on Love would be appropriate, for he epitomizes today's Bull player. Originally cut from the NBA after he got out of Southern U. in 1965, Love fell to the Eastern League and came back as an obscure substitute. He was shuffled along in the expansion draft, and then became a throw-in on a trade. Before this year he never averaged over 6.7 points. Now he is at 20.8, behind only Cunningham, Hawkins and Chet Walker, among NBA forwards. Always a good shooter and fine defensive player, Love has learned to move well without the ball and has developed a quick release. He scores mostly from inside, while Walker, the other forward, is the outside threat. Obtained from Philadelphia in a really advantageous trade, Walker has had to play with a groin pull lately, but at least he has not been knocked out of action by his injury as has Jerry Sloan, the team's best all-round player. Motta has been obliged to keep pumping up his castoffs with defense and passing and pride, and their youth and enthusiasm make them appear to be a squad of collegians.

At first a curiosity after Klein brought him on from Weber State in Utah, Motta now marshals almost universal acclaim. He works especially well with Williams, for both are shamelessly industrious. From pure exhaustion, Motta recently slept at his hotel through the first quarter of a game in Boston after he returned from a scouting trip. For his part, it is not unusual for Williams to work from dawn to well past midnight at his desk. He stands at the gates of the stadium and shakes hands with fans after every game. "Putting on the show is no more than hard work," he says. "The ideas are hardly all mine. The tough thing is making sure they work right. We'll do anything that's clean

and legal, but they don't mean anything if it's not the game and the team that people remember first." Still, the showman never leaves him. Last Friday he stood in the open space between the end of the court and where the stands begin at the Chicago Stadium and said, "You know, I think we could put Henri in here. I don't think he'd splash that much on the court from here. And hey—this way we could give out raincoats to the people in the first few rows."

The final scene of "Pat, as in Rat-A-Tat-Tat." An angry Williams mints 50 new hundred-dollar bills for the young visitor in his office. "Gee, Mr. Williams," the kid says, "was it really that exciting back in the '70s?"

"Yes, and more," the old man replies, rubbing the twisted hair of the youth as he escorts him to the door, "and when you get back, don't forget to say hello to your Grandpa Vecek for me."

END



At halftime one of Pat Williams' edited all-travlers. The Alberta, keeps fans happy.

NO WAY TO TREAT A MYSTIQUE

Ferrari put its legend on the line at Daytona in a high-powered return to distance racing—and caught a brutal one-two punch as the irreverent people of Porsche anted up in the glitter game **by ROBERT F. JONES**

There is a certain magic at work in sports, a quality that attaches itself almost at random to certain events, adding mystery, anticipation, vibration and often even delirium to them. Usually it attaches itself to—or perhaps grows from—a specific individual while bypassing other individuals who may have much the same talent or success in the sport. Joe Namath has it, Daryle Lamorne has it, Arnold Palmer has it, Billy Casper does not; Muhammad Ali has it, Joe Frazier does not. In endurance racing it is the magic of machines, and here Ferrari has it, but watch out, *Leichen*, Porsche is looking up. Last weekend the German firm blazed some of the finestest opposition in years to finish one-two in the 24 Hours of Daytona.

But to the 35,000 speed freaks who descended on Bill France's Daytona International Speedway, it hardly seemed to matter who won the season's first world manufacturers' championship race. They seemed entirely content that Ferrari was back after a two-year sabbatical. All through race week you could feel the vibrations building, for Ferrari was dead serious: 10 cars worth, four of them the new, five-liter 512S model. A broad-shouldered, closed-cockpit car with a guttural voice several octaves lower—and thus more mysteriously masculine—than any other entry, the 512 snapped and snarled its way around the sinuous 3.81-mile course like some animated excerpt from a medieval bestiary. Downshifting into corners or lining it out at 200 mph through the speedway's backstretch, the 512 made sharp, threatening noises that sounded like claims to Italy's old gas-powered territorial imperative. At a loss for a nickname, the drivers dubbed it "the Mule."

Yes, Ferrari was serious: its list of drivers read like a Who's Who of speed. There were Dan Gurney, Jackie Ickx,

Nino Vaccarella, the massive, graying Mike Parkes teamed with young Sam Posey and, of course, Mario Andretti, hero of Indy's Brickyard. Gurney's 512 wore a lumpy little bonnet atop the cockpit to permit his black bonedome ample room, and the man himself—all 6' 2" of him—seemed in a continuous grouch. His mechanics called him "Mr. Grimy" behind his back, but Gurney had cause for grimness. His car, and all the other 512s, for that matter, were having trouble breathing—fuel pump problems.

Gurney and his co-driver, Chuck Parsons, wanted to junk the Italian-made Marelli fuel pumps that were causing the trouble and "go down the block for a couple of Stewart-Warners." *E basta!* Ees not possible. Instead, the Ferrari mechanics punched a few breathing holes in the fuel lines and, presto, the problem seemed to be solved.

On qualifying day, running through a chilly drizzle, Ferrari won the pole. Andretti's car turned the course in 1:51.6 for a record qualifying speed of 122.903 mph and all four of the five-liter Ferraris qualified in the top 10. The pole, of course, is only an indication of potential speed in a 24-hour race. "What's 100 yards in a race of 2,500 miles?" asked Andretti. Indeed, 11½ miles is the closest a runner-up ever came to a winner at Daytona—that was when Parkes and the late Ludovico Seariotti came in behind Chris Amon in 1967.

For all the Ferrari mystique, there was still a race to be run. Franco Lini, the sapient Italian motor journalist who served as Ferrari's team manager during the 1967 Daytona (and brought his cars home one-two-three), knows something about attrition. "Big cars maybe no finish," declared Franco in his delightful English. "Winner, she be three-liter car."

True, there were some mighty quick little cars in the running. Matra, the French aerospace firm, had two of its

blue-and-green Matra-Simes 650 Spysiders qualified in the top 15. On the truck trek down from New York, the cars got loose and chewed up one another's fiber-glass bodies. The quick stripping of a spare car flown in from Argentina got them back in shape. During trials these open-cockpit cars, all curves and ululation, looked quicker through the infield Esses than the Ferraris. What's more, Matra had enlisted the services of Jack Brabham, three times the world Grand Prix champion. With the game, quick Frenchman Jean-Pierre Beltoise in the other car, Matra was a real contender for the first time in its three years of endurance racing. "The key to winning long-distance races is metallurgy," Franco Lini said in his eloquent Italian. "And who knows better about metallurgy than an aerospace company?"

Porsche was twisting a different key. The defending world champion and odds-on favorite to repeat this year, Porsche's problem has been a lack of soul. Perhaps with that in mind, the Porsche people this year injected England's John Wyer (SI, Jan. 26) into their equation. The cool, rumped, superbly human Wyer happens to be the best team manager in the business as well as a hell of a guy. In keeping with his understated ways, Wyer did not arrive at Daytona until qualifying day, he really didn't have to get there earlier because his subordinate, David Yorke, is the second-best team manager in the business and a purgatory of a guy. When Wyer emerged from the London fog and alighted at the speedway, Porsche finally had panache, somewhat cool and dewy, but panache nonetheless.

Wyer asserts that the only way to com-

continued

Whipped by the Porsches, Andretti's Ferrari could not cope with the winner (below) but finished gamely behind runner-up (top).





concentrate fully enough on distance racing to produce a winner is to concentrate on the minimum number of cars. Where Porsche last year had as many as six machines entered in a given race, Wyrer this year pared the number to three—one of them a training car that would preserve the strength of his main force while permitting his drivers plenty of road time in practice.

Standing in the Porsche pits you could feel the difference. Last year Porsche's cars were a corpse-like white; this year they wore Gulf Oil's affluent hues, as blue and mild as the Cotswold sky cut through by a band of sunset orange.

There were other, more subtle changes. Where last year the Porsche-works team lined up all its tires and wrenches and micrometers in perfect order this year the tools of the trade were heaped casually hither and yon. One grease-monkey actually kicked a wrench out from under a Porsche tire as the car moved into the track, at which Molly Putz, the traditional German *Hausfrau* and order-lover, must have rolled over in her grave.

So there was the Wyrer bunch: the new Porsches (three closed-cockpit 4.5-liter 917s) driven by incompetents like Vic Elford and Kurt Ahrens, Jo Siffert and Brian Redman, Finnish rallyist Leo Kinnunen and Mexico's Pedro Rodriguez. Pedro Rodriguez in a Porsche? Yes, speed freaks, the man who drove Ferraris for all those years had turned his coat, but he was the same cool, young-old Pedro who always told you, through the corners and the straights and the shunts, that he could do it.

The rain of qualifying day gave way to a bright, breezy race day with temperatures in the 40s, causing spectators to huddle deep within their gaudy jackets but pleasing the drivers immensely. There would be little of the near-suffocation in the cockpits that marked last year's Daytona, and the cool air was good for speed. Right off the green flag, which fell at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, it was clear that this would be a flat-out race—at least as far as the quick cars could last. Jo Siffert's Porsche jumped into the lead on the first lap, with Rodriguez and Andretti close on his pipes. The single Lola in the race—

a red monster driven by George Eaton of Canada—was the first contender to fail. It smoked badly on the first seven laps and then retired.

As the sun sloped down toward the pine slashings west of the speedway, Siffert's Porsche blew a tire, which in turn tore up his brake mechanism. This cost a precious nine minutes in the pits and gave Rodriguez' Porsche the lead, which he held all through the night. Andretti still was in there, but as darkness fell it became clear that Mario's taillights weren't working. The race officials black-flagged him into the pits, and during a quick stop the fault was remedied.

The blazing pace continued through the night. At the 200-lap mark, nearly nine hours into the race, the leader's speed was averaging over 119 mph—fully 6½ mph faster than at the same time last year. Hot as the cars ran, it was frigid for the watchers in the infield. "It's now 40 below," read a sign. "If you don't believe it, you're drunk." Many were.

Minor but time-consuming electrical problems vexed the Matras—first a distributor in the Beltoise car, then toward dawn the starting motor in Brabham's machine. Still, with the race three-quarters run, the French cars held fifth and 14th places and could not be counted out just yet.

When the sun rose on the noisy oval a shaft of light illuminated a procession of five Ferraris in series as they whipped past the pits. It was like a touch of mechanical Michelangelo, and the Italian mechanics must have felt that someone was on their side. But by midmorning Andretti's rear suspension had cracked and the Italians began scrambling wildly for a welding torch. That evened out the bad luck dogging the Porsche driven by Siffert, which had developed clutch problems. For a moment John Wyrer gave up on the car and had it wheeled behind the pit wall. Then he stiffened up, changed his mind and had the clutch replaced. Some of that pluck must have communicated itself the length of the pits, for down at the far end the Ferrari welders completed the job in jig time, and Andretti's 512 was soon back on the course, turning 120-mph laps in his second-place position some 60 miles behind Rodriguez' Porsche.

But by the 650th lap—with nearly two hours left to run—Siffert was running on the same lap with Andretti. And in

10 more laps Siffert got past him. In the meantime, Matra was melting. The Beltoise car was running in 10th place when the ignition system finally cussed in; Brabham's Matra just managed to hold on to the end, finishing in 10th place. Maybe it was simply a case of mind over Matra—and Ferrari. Wyrer's mind.

To be sure, the Englishman had another scare or two. With an hour left the duel for second place intensified as Siffert pitted for five minutes and 50 seconds with a recurrence of the electrical problem. During the halt Andretti chewed away at the margin between them. In the pits and on the PA the false impression grew that Mario had taken second place, and six minutes from the end when Siffert whipped past the Ferrari on the backstretch, cheers rose over the engine roar.

Meanwhile, Rodriguez was establishing a new Daytona record: by the end of 678 laps Pedro had eclipsed the mark of 2,580.75 miles set in 1966 by Lloyd Ruby and the late Ken Miles in a Ford Mark II. By the time he took the checkered flag Pedro had covered 2,757.44 miles—or the distance between Daytona Beach and a point well seaward of Catalina Island off Los Angeles. The average speed of 114.866 mph was more than seven mph faster than any earlier finish and Rodriguez was nearly 200 miles ahead of his teammate, Siffert, who ultimately beat Andretti by three laps in the best driving performance of the race.

The victory was truly a cosmopolitan conglomerate: Wyrer from England, the car from Stuttgart, the drivers from Mexico and Finland. A blond, beardless rally driver of 26 who looks at least 10 years younger, Kinnunen also drove two seasons of Formula III racing in Scandinavia and won the Finnish championship. Both drivers are signed to run for Wyrer in all 11 championship races. For Rodriguez, who had won Daytona twice before at shorter distances, it was his first ride in a Porsche, though he had driven for Wyrer before, winning Le Mans in 1968 in a Ford GT40.

The new combination—a sort of cosmo-car team—could well be the beginning of a dynasty. The winning drivers had a total of 20 minutes' sleep between them but looked fit at the finish. Kinnunen was just a bit red-eyed from dust—or maybe it was from driving through all that Ferrari mystique. **END**

As dawn breaks on the second day, winner Pedro Rodriguez (inset, left) corners neatly. Later Andretti, in pits, shows signs of chaos.

RUBIES AND DIAMONDS

The author of 'Paper Lion' sits in on the Detroit pro football draft and learns about the market in rare gems by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

The Detroit contingent arrives in Philadelphia the afternoon before last week's NFL draft; the Lions' coach, Joe Schmidt, Russ Thomas, who is the general manager; the chief scout, Jerry Neri; and Lyall Smith, who is in charge of public relations.

The official ritual of the draft will be performed in New York's Belmont Plaza Hotel, where the picks will be announced before the newspapermen and the television cameras. But the real work will take place in the home offices of the football teams, where the scouts and coaches or their representatives are gathered with their data, and, in the case of the Lions, Steelers, Eagles, Bears and Vikings, in the Eagles' offices.

The Lions check in at the Penn Central Hotel. They go to Bookbinders for dinner. The waiters tie paper bibs with lobster designs around their necks. Claims are ordered. Joe Schmidt offers a toast. "Well, men, a good draft." The big men with the bibs drink solemnly and then reach for the bags of steamers. Forks squeak against the shells. The football discussion begins. The speed of Steve Zabel, an Oklahoma tight end, becomes an issue. "He can do 4.8, I swear," someone says. He is referring to the number of seconds it takes an athlete to sprint 40 yards. Joe Schmidt snorts. "If he can do a 5.0 I'll blow a lunch in that guy's hat." He points to the chef behind the clam bar. He leans across the table. "It's like arguing about breads," he says.

The draft begins at 10 the next morning. Each of the individual teams takes over an executive's office. Jerry Neri sits behind a big teak desk. He has his tin box of 3-by-5 scouting report cards and a list of 11 players. Detroit has the 19th pick in the draft. Neri's desperate hope is that one of the 11 will still be available by the time Detroit's turn comes up. The names are Bradshaw, Cowlings, Olsen, Hardman, Stegent, Owens, Zabel, McKay, Asher, McCoy and Fikes. Ced-

ric Hardman, a defensive end from North Texas State, is the man Neri would really like to get, but the chances are slim. Neri has a second list marked "seven who could help us for trade or depth: Farmer, Shanklin, Gillette, Burroughs, Phipps, Cappleman, Shaw." At the top of his projections for the second-round draft is Ray Parsons, a tight end from Minnesota. If all 18 names fall to other clubs, Parsons will be Neri's first-round choice.

The Lions depend primarily on Neri's astuteness as a scout for their picks. But they also have the counsel and research facilities of a group of a dozen or so scouts—the mysterious BLESTO-V—who comprise one of the three scouting services used by pro teams. These men are in an outer room, available for consultation—a surprisingly varied group whose only common characteristic is the big signet ring from his college days that each one wears.

Originally, BLESTO-V was called LESTO. It was put together six years ago by the Lions, Eagles and Steelers. Each team gave its first initial to the title, with the "TO" standing for Talent Organization. The Bears subsequently joined the pool, as did the Vikings, with their initials enlarging the group's name to BLESTO-V. After the Vikings won the NFL championship there was a mild move afoot to reposition the letters to read V-BLESTO, but the Super Bowl outcome ended that. Some interesting anagrams can be made of BLESTO-V (VOBLETS, for one), but Jack Butler, an ex-Steelers assistant coach who is the head of the organization, has kept his head. Some of the scouts wear the odd letters done up in red thread on their dark blazers.

The BLESTO-V scouts have a special numerical jargon. Superstars are identified as being in the range from 0.0 to 0.6. If a player is marked from 0.7 to 1.2 he is almost sure, according to the scouts, to make the starting team of

whatever organization drafts him. If his grade ranges from 1.3 to 1.8 he'll make a 40-man squad; 1.9 to 2.4 indicates that he is a good prospect; from 2.5 to 3.0 the player is of questionable prowess, and anyone above 3.0 might as well pack it in and try something else.

The grades are derived from a complex form sheet that the scouts fill out, marking various categories pertinent to the player's position. The average is then determined, which is the player's grade. A perfect athlete in every respect—including character—would be rated 0.0, which has never been given. Indeed, Superman himself would be hard pressed to achieve it. The scouts would probably misjudge his "mild manner," his apparent backing down from confrontation, his age, of course, and he might very well end up with a 2.3.

The best rating ever scored on the BLESTO-V scale is O.J. Simpson's 0.4. This year the ratings were comparatively high. There were none in the zero range. The only ones designated as sure starters—that is, rated under 1.3—were Norm Bulaich, the running back from TCU and Mike McCoy, Notre Dame's defensive tackle, both rated at 1.0. Phil Olsen, Merlin's big little brother from Utah State (1.1); and Cedric Hardman (1.2). Terry Bradshaw was 1.3.

There is very little that goes through a scout's mind that does not translate itself immediately into a numerical evaluation. A pretty girl in a restaurant could be a 0.7. A stale Danish pastry will ring up a 3.0. Towns, their motels, get rated, too. When scouts consider a college they think of it numerically, and whether it is a "producer." Johns Hopkins is not a producer. It is a 3.0. Alcorn A&M is a big producer. It rates 0.4. So does Texas Southern.

Fortunately for everyone's sanity, the human element is important in BLESTO-V's operation. A good, pungent descriptive phrase about a player can say more than any grading system. The master of this in BLESTO-V is Jess Thompson, who has been in football 43 years and is now the scout for Zone Six, which is the Southwest. "He's as fat as a town dog," he'll say to a coach; or "he runs like a chicken with frozen feet"; or "he couldn't break a dish with a ball pen hammer in both hands"—and the coach no longer has to derive a mental image from a set of numbers. "Thanks, Jess," he says. "I get the message."

'I WANTED TO GO WITH A LOSER'

You ask a scout if he's ever walked out on the sidelines of a small campus football field, just moseying over from his car with his legs stiff from the long ride to get there, to suddenly look out and see a kid scrambling and ripping things apart with such skills that the pencil drops from his fingers and he says, "Mah God! Mah God!"

Most scouts won't admit to this simple pleasure. Will Walls, though, is somewhat less blasé than the other BLESTO-V people. He says that he almost went to his knees this past fall scouting Cedric Hardman. "He's got greatness," Walls says. "I could scarcely believe what I was seeing. Against Memphis State, oh my what a night he had! He's another Deacon Jones. He's as big as Gino Marchetti and quicker and faster." He shook his head and clocked in sympathy. "I mean, I don't know what quarterbacks are going to do with that man reaching for them."

The players can always tell when the scouts turn up at practice. By the clipboards. The heavy coach's shoes they wear. The players almost fall down trying to look nonchalant—a strange, loose-kneed walk as if they were carrying something on their heads. But they run the practice with hustle. The scouts are saying that the head coach at Nebraska a few years back had a succession of people come out and stand on the sideline with clipboards to trick the players into high-spirited practices. But then one of the dining hall cooks was recognized behind a clipboard. . . .

Detroit makes its pick. Steve Owens, the Heinemann Trophy winner, Hardman had long gone—to San Francisco. Joe Schmidt is ecstatic. "A ruby!" he shouts. He lights a cigar. So does everyone in the little office. The hyperbole begins. Russ Thomas, the general manager, gets on the phone and begins reading Jerry Neri's scouting report to someone back in Detroit: "He's by far the best running back I've seen this fall. A complete football player who is tough, strong and durable and does everything well." Schmidt leans against the desk. "A ruby?" he says again.

Dick Haley, a former defensive back for three NFL teams, is the BLESTO-V scout for the Southeast. Five players from his area are picked in the first round,

Pittsburgh has never seen the likes of Terry Bradshaw (see cover), the big blond quarterback from Louisiana Polytechnic Institute who was the first to go in last week's pro football draft. But then Terry Bradshaw has never seen the likes of Pittsburgh. In fact, until this year the only big city he had ever seen was New Orleans.

Sitting in the Ruston, La. Holiday Inn restaurant last Friday night, Terry Bradshaw got so excited at the prospect of playing for the Steelers he ordered another cup of coffee. "When they called me and told me they'd drafted me No. 1, I just couldn't believe it," he said. "I mean, all along I wanted to go with a loser. I never wanted to go with L.A. or Minnesota or any good team. I wanted to go someplace like Pittsburgh or Chicago, where if I made it they would make it with me."

At Louisiana Tech, a school of 7,600 located in Ruston, which is 75 miles east of his home town of Shreveport, Bradshaw broke all the passing records and led the country in total offense his junior year. At times, however, he played quarterback like a middle linebacker. When Northeastern Louisiana intercepted five of his passes in one game, he personally dragged down all but one of the culprits by himself, breaking the collarbone of the last. "Football is contact, and I love contact," he says. "So many quarterbacks in pro ball seem so quiet out there, almost passive. They get hit and then just lie there. They don't get mad. If I get hit I get mad. So many times at Tech they'd send messengers in from the bench. Everybody in the stands thought they were bringing in plays, but that wasn't the case at all. They were bringing in orders for me to quit running the ball, or to get out of bounds if I had to run. Well, sometimes it just made me tick, picking up 25 or 30 yards and then having to run out of bounds when one of those little safeties came up. Couple of times, though, I went ahead and rang their bells anyway."

The pro scouts got an idea just how good Bradshaw was, during the Senior Bowl game in Mobile, Ala. Playing the whole afternoon without a chin strap ("I got so excited I never got around to putting one on"), Bradshaw completed 17 of 31 passes for 267 yards and two touchdowns, and was named the game's most valuable player. "I learned a lot that day, playing for Don Shula of the Colts," he says. "And I'll never forget how embarrassed I was the first time we practiced for the North-South All-Star Game. I took the snap from center, spun around to hand off to [TCU's Norm] Bulach—and no-

body was there. Bulach had already gone through the hole, and there I was holding the ball. I'd never seen anyone start so fast before, and I could just imagine those coaches thinking, 'Hey, get a load of the kid from the little school.'"

Having grown up in a closely knit Baptist family, Bradshaw spends much of his time speaking at church functions and banquets, and last summer he worked as a youth director for the Methodist Church in Ruston. He laughs about a now, but confesses that no pass rush ever scared him more than the nights he spent in the old house the church put him up in. No less than seven times, usually when he was just drifting off to sleep, somebody would come crashing through a door or a window. One time a drunk shattered the window directly above the bed where Bradshaw was sleeping, showering him with glass. Since the police always arrived too late, Bradshaw went out and bought a white boxer pup, named her Duchess and had her sleep beside him for protection—but Duchess turned out to be as frightened as her master. After Bradshaw tried to take on intruder No. 7—and got a shotgun blast fired over his head—he moved.

Bradshaw can't wait to make his next move. "I just want to bust out and get started in pro ball," he says. "I've seen so much the past few weeks, going to Miami and L.A. and meeting people like Rommie Gabriel, Joe Kapp and Carl Eller, well, I can't wait to jump right in. I want to go to Pittsburgh and Chicago and meet the people there, because if there's one thing I learned in Miami and L.A. it's that just because a guy has long hair doesn't mean he's a bad guy."

Come next July, Terry Bradshaw will toss Duchess into the front seat of his new "Burgundy Fire" Thunderbird ("It's elcic, but not elcic elcic"), and squeal off for the Steelers' camp. When he gets to Pittsburgh he might even lower his subzero.

"I just hope the people up there haven't gotten the wrong idea about me—I mean, about the way I've been talking," he says. "The other night a radio station from up there had me on a hook-up where listeners could call in and ask me questions, and the very first guy asked me if I didn't think I'd been belittling the Steeler quarterbacks by saying how I wanted to make Pittsburgh a winner. I said no, I never meant anything like that. What I meant was I'd do anything to help make them a winner, and I would, too—even if it meant sitting there on the bench and giving Terry Hanratty whatever help he thought I could give him."

—GARY RONSBERG

continued

three from relatively small colleges: John Small from The Citadel, Douglas Wilkerson from North Carolina Central and Richard McGeorge from Elon.

Scouting the smaller colleges is tricky. The word "project" is often used—as in "Can I project this guy high enough so our people should consider him a high draft possibility?"

It is established BLESTO-V procedure to have the scouts attend the professional training camps each year for a couple of weeks. The scout is able to establish in his mind the professional norm against which he must rate the college athlete and he can see how his choices of the previous year are measuring up. "It's a time of reckoning," Haley says. "You see a rookie you've picked for the draft getting banged around and you say to yourself, 'Man, how did I ever send that up here?' But on the other hand, you see one of your kids slugging other people around and the nose going up from the spectators standing along the sidelines and the coaches looking at each other—well, when you see that, your chest swells up like a toad's."

"You can tell a lot from film," Charley Mackey, who supervises the Far West, is saying. "We always ask for as much as we can see. I remember this film man at Weber State was getting so exasperated feeding film into the projector that he stuck in a home movie—a 200-foot reel of a Pop Warner little league game. I was sitting there in the darkness with my pad, and I was looking for what I always do: I was spotting the tight end break from the huddle, because that's the key to where everyone is going to position himself. Well, I see this tiny little guy break from the huddle and it brings me right up out of my chair. 'Holy cow!' I yell out. 'Look at the size of that tight end!' I'm telling you, they haven't forgotten me at Weber State."

The tools of scouting are a stopwatch, a measuring tape and access to an accurate scale. Steve Owens says that at the East-West game eight different scouts weighed him. "They just won't take each other's word for it," he says. "So you step on the same scale you've just stepped down from two seconds before, and the new scout looks over your shoulder and he says, 'hmm, like it's all big news.'"

Scouts don't trust the measuring rods for height that come with most scales, es-

ther. They use their measuring tapes to mark off a height against a wall and they have the athletes stand up against that.

Charley Mackey says that after measuring countless athletes he believes that a person's height changes during the day. "Gravity pulls a guy tighter. A guy lies in bed all night long and everything relaxes—ligaments, tendons, muscles, the whole structure relaxes and lengthens. I've measured height changes during the day that have gone down one inch."

At the end of the scouts' table sits Tom O'Connor. He is looking at the ceiling. Occasionally he revolves in his chair. He comes from the Zone One, the somewhat quiet New England area. O'Connor is defensive about his territory. He is convinced that some of the Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth teams of the last few years could have taken anyone in the country, an opinion that he must offer with considerable shrillness against the skeptical guffawing of his fellow scouts.

O'Connor grimaces. "They say things like 'Amherst? Where the hell is Amherst? Well, they've got this kid there, just a sophomore, called Fugett, who really flies, let me tell you.' He spins in his chair. "He'll be making some noise."

Detroit's second draft choice comes up. Ray Parsons, the tight end from Minnesota, is picked. Joe Schmidt is beside himself. Cigars are lit. "A ruby!" Schmidt shouts through the smoke. "They got to be dancing down Woodward Avenue."

Jerry Neri had picked Parsons to be taken at the top of the second round. He can't believe that Detroit had a shot at him. "Someone up there is smiling on us," he says. He is smiling himself, hugely. Phones start to ring. The superlatives begin again. General Manager Russ Thomas says, "His coach at Minnesota tells me Parsons is a better tight end than our Charlie Sanders, and you know how we feel about Charlie Sanders [Sanders was a starter in this year's Pro Bowl]." On his phone Jerry Neri is saying, "He can cave in a whole line opposite him. I've seen him do it." He hangs up the phone. He walks over to a green blackboard on which the Detroit squad is marked by positions and writes down Parsons' name. He underlines it with two heavy chalk marks. He steps back to survey the name. Then he marks

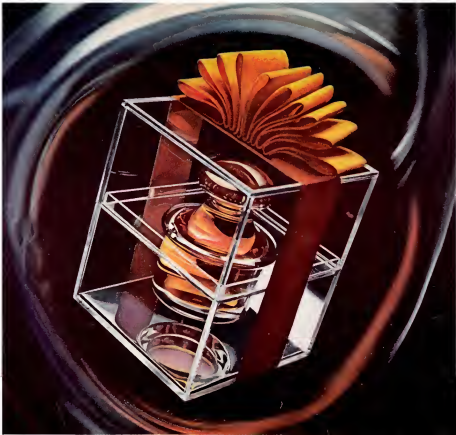
a star beside it. "Oh my, a ruby," he says, turning to Schmidt.

The second day of the draft, when the teams make their final selections (eighth through 17th rounds), is often referred to as "throwing darts." Joe Schmidt is no longer talking about rubies. He selects Dave Haverdick, a defensive tackle from Morehead (Ky.) State. "A diamond in the rough," he says.

"Every year three to 15 players make it in the NFL you don't give a chance to," says Jess Thompson. "Mick Tangelhoff of the Vikings. Cornell Green, Otto Brown of Dallas. Ron East. Larry Watkins of Detroit was at Akorn A&M and, damn, I dragged my feet. I missed him. Well, he was used mostly for blocking at Akorn, and then, too, I couldn't measure his desire. He had a big old box full of things when he arrived at Detroit's training camp and he set that thing down and he said he had come to stay, he wasn't going to be budged. Well, he made it. If I had a little gadget that I could clip on a guy's vest pocket and get a reading on what's inside, his desire, his mental toughness, I'd be a helluva scout."

While the Lions were drafting, Alex Karras, Detroit's veteran tackle, was sitting home in Bloomfield Hills, Mich., wondering what sort of a cane he should buy to ease him through his convalescence from a cartilage operation—an elegant number, with a silver head, for twirling purposes, or a more knobby, utilitarian type. He had followed the draft closely, as had everyone on the Lions.

"Naturally, there's some resentment when the rookies come in," Karras says, "the trophy winners, with those great sums of money. But, you know, I've mellowed. In the old days this guy Owens would turn up all eager and no one would talk to him for three years. He'd have a horse-feed bag hanging by his locker. That's the way rookies were treated. But now all we want to know is how quickly he can help us. When Lem Barney turned up on the practice field you could see in 10 minutes how great he would be. That's what you hope for. I worry about this guy's speed. He's sound enough. But it isn't power anymore. What you want is someone who can break it all the way. It's a game of speed. Christ, I hope he's fast."



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WHAT GOES UP MUST SKI DOWN

Big things have happened at Squaw since the Olympics of '60 spurred Alec Cushing. Now he has the grandest gondole, and there's more to come in the valley of the moody grim giant

by ALFRED WRIGHT



The last installment in the true-life saga of Alexander Cochrane Cushing took our hero through the 1960 Winter Olympics. Everybody remembers it as splendid drama, written and perpetrated by Cushing himself. With only one double chair lift, a modest ski lodge and rooms for, oh, say, 100 guests in some converted Army barracks, he called on the International Olympic Committee meeting in Paris one day in 1955 and coolly asked it to bring the Games to his little Squaw Valley resort hidden up there among the noblest slopes of the Sierra Nevada. And what stunned the world at the time was that the IOC accepted.

Dramatically, the home folks in California rallied to the cause. The somewhat shaken financiers of San Francisco

raised more than \$13 million—with generous help from the state treasury—and before you could say "*cérémonie olympique protocole*" there was little old Squaw Valley looking like a Swiss postcard. There were flags, a fancy ice arena for skating and hockey, ski jumps, three more chair lifts to the excellent downhill and slalom runs, an Olympic Village, the works. There are those who still insist today that the Squaw Valley Olympics were the best run, gayest Winter Games to date—better than Grenoble, grander than Cortina or anyplace else. And as the curtain descended, Cushing was standing quietly in the wings plotting again.

A number of Cushing's old friends expected him to turn in his skis at that point. He had, after all, spent more than 10 years away from his old pals and youthful playgrounds in New York, Newport and Boston. The old friends are still waiting; Cushing is still in Squaw

Valley, and he is concocting the biggest ski resort in the world.

Not that Cushing is any better suited for the role now than he was then. He still does not have the temperament and inclinations of your everyday boniface, greeting customers by their names and making them feel welcome. That sort of thing is not at one with his Bourbonesque style. Not only that, but Cushing has never forgotten some early advice from his friend Michael Romanoff, the distinguished restaurateur. "Cushing," Romanoff intoned in his imperial way, "avoid your customers at all costs. If they get used to your being around, they will ruin you."

And, carefully avoiding his customers, Cushing stuck it out at Squaw Valley. Building things. Installing new ski lifts; it seems like a new ski lift goes up every week at Squaw—there are now more than 26 of them in all shapes and colors. Then came last spring, when Cush-

continued

GLIDING NUGELY over the crest of a Squaw Valley hillside, a gondole of the new sportstran carries 120 skiers comfortably to 8,120 feet.

ing staged his happening, a sort of Squaw Valley Revisited.

From Palm Beach, Boston, San Francisco and Hollywood came this covey of fashionable people, the ladies wrapped in something like a \$3,000 iridescent, four-color, reversible mink coat or an Erma Jeanine mink jacket with leopard trim or just plain old sable. By evening the guests were assembled, some 100 strong, in an enormous five-story concrete blockhouse. Drinking booze out of plastic cups, they shouted hello, kissed, jostled and talked over the metallic roar of a rock combo while a 40-mph blizzard hissed and groaned outside. Over the heads of all could be seen the quizzical face of the host, a wool hat covering his shaggy crop of reddish-blond hair and a 19th-century mink coat (inherited from his grandfather) reaching some six feet from his shoulders to his ankles.

Cushing had assembled his friends to attend the christening of his latest super thing, something suitable to match his Squaw Valley dream—the most capacious aerial tramway in the world. Each of its giant gondolas, running alternately up and down the thick cables, can whisk 120 skiers at a time from the 6,200-foot level of Squaw Valley Lodge to the 8,120-foot level of the middle slopes—a distance of almost 1½ miles—in a matter of five minutes. That adds up to 1,400 skiers an hour, and nothing else on earth can move that many of them that far in such a short time.

One of Cushing's assets is a wry humor that makes it possible for him to laugh at the more frustrating aspects of his life, such as high finance. So it was not surprising that when it came time to smash some champagne across the prow of the first gondola, one found it had been christened The Connecticut General, not in honor of Nathan Hale but of the insurance company that had put up a big hunk of the money for the \$3 million outfit. Fittingly, the bottle was swung by Mrs. Dorothy Earl Laughlin, a sparkling member of the Long Island-to-Santa Barbara set and also a pioneer investor in Squaw Valley. Ann Miller, the willowy dancer of 10,000 M-G-M musicals, who served as the original Miss Squaw Valley at that first weekend in 1949, named the other car A. P. Giannini. That is a local joke. Whenever Cushing has needed serious money for one of his major projects he has always



ALWAYS ALOOF, USUALLY BEHUSED, SQUAW'S ALEC CUSHING AVOIDS HIS GUESTS

found it at the late Mr. Giannini's well-known Bank of America.

The blockhouse, where everyone was drinking, is another Cushing touch. At first glance it would appear that Cushing had brought back one of Hitler's *Festung Europa* fortifications. Wrong. The blockhouse, rising 82 feet above the road at the entrance to Squaw Valley Lodge, doubles as the lower terminus of the new tramway. It was designed by Boston Architect Joseph Richardson, Harvard '35, a schoolmate of Cushing's, and it is a fat, functional creation. Despite its 16-inch-thick walls and blocklike appendages, everything in the building flows—from the machinery in the basement that drives the tramway, up through the automated main floor where the riders are processed and sent by el-

evator to the loading platform, and on up to the portals where the gondolas leave and enter, barely clearing the roof of one wing of the lodge.

The new tramway is the latest item in Alec Cushing's long-term grand design for Squaw Valley. At first, during the years that followed the excitement of the Olympics, Cushing had often felt like a trapped man. Most of the major Olympic facilities—notably the Blyth Arena for ice skating, the 300-room Olympic Village and the new Red Dog chair lift—had been built by the Olympic organizing committee on land that did not belong to Cushing. Their ownership reverted to the state of California, and there was always the immediate threat that the state might lease them to a rival operator.

"For 18 months, five days a week, I spent all my time going from one state agency to another in Sacramento—and talking to lawyers. I was just about ready to shoot myself," Cushing says now. "If I could've, I would have left and done something else, but I had to stay and straighten things out. I owed it to my stockholders."

But by the summer of 1962 Cushing felt secure enough about the future to build four new double chair lifts. The next summer he built a gondola tramway to carry 600 people an hour to and from the middle slopes and added a small lodge at its summit, called the Gold Coast, where one could get a modest lunch. By the winter of 1965 Squaw Valley was booming, operating 12 double chair lifts that handled some 10,000 skiers an hour plus half a dozen Poma lifts for beginners. "If anyone had told me in 1960 that we would be building three or four lifts a year, I would have thought they were crazy," Cushing says. "I thought it would take 10 years to get all the business we could absorb on the three lifts we had at the end of the Olympics. The first year we were in business we only handled 68,000 skiers, all told, and after the Games I thought 400,000 a year was a wild figure. Now we can handle more than 22,500 skiers an hour, twice the capacity of anyone else. All the other resorts are going through the same thing in a lesser way. In this business you have to keep building and building just to stand still."

It was during a drive from Squaw Valley to the Reno airport five years ago that Cushing first began to sense other new adventures for his resort. In the car with him was the late Howard Gossage, a mildly eccentric San Francisco adman with an offbeat imagination. To amuse one another, Gossage and Cushing began trying to recall the names of obscure movie actors—people whose faces one has seen hundreds of times as detectives and room clerks and maître d's.

Suddenly Gossage suggested that Cushing might brighten up Squaw Valley's slow summer months by holding special film festivals in honor of some of these familiar but anonymous pillars of Hollywood. Out of this conversation came the first Douglass Dumbrille film festival staged at High Camp that summer. It was "high camp," indeed.

Then, for an encore, Cushing flew off

to the distinguished old Boston firm of Shepley, Bulfinch, Richardson and Abbott, of which Cushing's old friend is a present-day partner. The colossal Squaw Valley blueprint emerged. The ex-schoolmates projected such ideas as the new tramway (that Richardson was on hand to help christen), an 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course at the 8,000-foot level ("the kind of course where if you hit a wild slice you have to walk a mile—straight down—to find your ball," as Cushing happily puts it), high-rise buildings at the floor of the valley and maybe even on the 9,000-foot peaks of the Sierra Nevada, things that even NASA might blush to suggest. Before Richardson entered the scene Squaw Valley's original capital investment of \$400,000 had grown in gradual stages to about \$1 million at the time of the Games and from there to around \$4 million during the post-Olympic building spree. What Richardson and Cushing are dreaming of now would cost another \$10 million. Cushing, who has never drawn any salary (he lives entirely on an expense account and a comfortable private income) nor been paid any dividends, could hardly wait to get started.

It is a standard joke around Squaw Valley that Cushing really does not have too much of an idea what is going on around the place from day to day. Ask him if a certain lift is operating or where the best place is to have lunch or if the lodge is full for the weekend and he is likely to say, "I don't know." He keeps a staff of button-down Ivy Leaguers for such details, and as one of them said recently, "Alec can't be bothered about what's going on right now. He's thinking about three years from now."

As a result, Squaw Valley suffers in some respects. The carriage trade tends to squawk about the rooms and the service and the food—a part of the scene that bores Cushing—and others often complain that the Squaw Valley people are uppity. That does bother Cushing, for it is the mass business that he wants to keep his lifts running full. For these anti-uppity clients Squaw Valley runs a rock discotheque in one of its bars, while the carriage trade sits around a dance floor upstairs and listens to a jazz combo. One item that Cushing really puts his mind to now is the music, since he is a jazz enthusiast who plays a fair ragtime piano.

Actually these are minor diversions. The vision that has preoccupied Cushing's mind for several years now is the prospect that one day a skier will be able to start off at Squaw Valley, take a lift to the summit and then ski all the way to Lake Tahoe and back, a distance of some 12 miles as the crow flies. That means Squaw's lifts will have to be interconnected with those of Alpine Meadows, the next adjoining ski complex, and Alpine Meadows' to those of a new resort called Twin Peaks, which is planned for the slopes bordering the lake. "You can do something like that in Switzerland," Cushing points out, "but there you have to ski by your watch to make sure you can catch a train back to where you started. If our plan is ever completed, you will be able to ski both ways without worrying about transportation. There'll be nothing like it in all the world."

During the big gondola weekend Cushing held a cocktail party for the ski press and fielded some fairly pointed questions from the writers. They wanted to know such things as when the access roads to Squaw Valley would be improved. ("We're the biggest taxpayer in Placer County," Cushing answered, "but that doesn't seem to carry much weight when it comes to improvements.") They wanted to know what Cushing planned to do next, and he gave them a whole list of things, including a big new restaurant at the summit end of the new tramway and a 16-story high-rise condominium next to the lodge ("but we probably won't do anything for a couple of years. The tramway cost so much it will take us some time to pay for it").

Finally a writer asked Cushing when his lifts would be integrated with those of Alpine Meadows. "I don't know," Cushing said. "I'd like to do it as soon as possible, but they seem to be a little hesitant. The last time we talked about it I got so enthusiastic that I think they thought there must be some hitch to the idea."

"Well, Alec," the writer replied, "at least you're getting to know yourself."

That broke up the room, and no one laughed harder than Cushing, who thrives on contention and is inwardly pleased by the thought that he is known as Cushing the Impossible—an epithet that can be read in several ways.

END



**PART 2:
THE SHOEMAKER STORY**

by **WILLIAM SHOEMAKER**
with **WHITNEY TOWER**

I BLEW A FEW BIG ONES, TOO

To conclude his revealing account of racing's winningest career, Shoe tells how he learned from being outsmarted or overconfident on a few occasions and discloses his one unfulfilled ambition as a rider

Somchow my career progressed without a hitch from the beginning. I got a lot of mounts and a lot of wins, and at times it almost seemed that I could do no wrong. In San Francisco one year I remember they were having a difficult time filling the races because my agent, Harry Silbert, was putting me on so many good horses. He'd have to wait until the last minute each morning to name the horse that I was going to be on so that the other fellows would already have their horses in. Otherwise, if everyone knew I was on the best horse, most of the other horsemen would back off and the race wouldn't fill.

I got my first \$100,000 win (the first of 90 in 21 years) in 1951 in the Santa Anita Maturity, which is now called the Charles H. Strub Stakes in honor of the founder of Santa Anita. It was on a horse called Great Circle, owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Wack. Before that time I'd been mostly riding cheaper horses, and when I got on Great Circle I thought

he was the best horse I'd ever ridden. I was amazed at the way a top-caliber horse reacted and ran compared with a cheap horse—how much easier he was to handle and how much more juice he had when you asked him to put the run in. The action was so much smoother. Years later, when I rode Damascus for the first time, it took me back to the time when I first got up on a good stakes horse and felt the difference between the action of an animal of quality and one of ordinary class.

After that I rode many more good horses, including some for Calumet Farm in California . . . and then came Swaps. No question about it—for a colt to have done what he did, with one bad foot throughout most of his career, Swaps was truly great. His owner, Rex Ellsworth, and Trainer Mesh Tenney and I knew this before we went to the 1955 Kentucky Derby, but most of the Easterners in Louisville believed—as they often do about California horses—that he simply couldn't go a mile and a quarter against class competition. Bill Woodward's Nashua was the big favorite of everyone that year and his trainer, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, told Arcaro that from what he knew of Swaps the California horse would stop after a mile. According to Fitz, the only colt Eddie had to worry about was Summer Tan, who had been beaten by Nashua by a neck in the Wood Memorial in New York.

Well, that afternoon Swaps showed he was better than everybody thought he was. I hadn't planned to put him on the lead. I wanted to be about third for the first part of it and figured Nashua would be right with me, or even in front of me. But at the start, after Swaps broke well, I tried to ease him back and he got a little rank. So instead of struggling with him, I let him take the lead, and as soon as he got the lead he relaxed. Eddie and Nashua weren't ever very far off me, but the point is that I was on a completely relaxed horse and coasting on the lead, and Nashua wasn't as relaxed as Swaps. Arcaro made a move around the far turn, but he had to work on Nashua to get to me. He got right up to me at the quarter pole and probably thought, because he had made a hell of a run, that he was going to win. But I had a lot of horse left. When we straightened out in the stretch, I just hit

Swaps and—phew!—he took off again and won, going away, by a length and a half.

I'm not going to make excuses now, after 15 years, for Swaps' defeat in the match race that summer at Washington Park in Chicago. But there's no doubt that he was not at his best that afternoon. He worked in the mud the morning before and threw a shoe and reinfected his bad foot. But even if he had been at his best, he might not have beaten Nashua that day. And, believe me, Eddie rode a great race. It goes back to what I said last week, that experience really counts when the chips are down. Arcaro had the experience and I didn't. If you look back on other match races you'll notice that the horse on the lead from the start wins nine out of 10 times. And despite the fact that I knew Eddie was going to try and take the lead, I let him do it. The start was so sudden that it really didn't give my horse a shot. He was fidgeting, and when the gate opened he jumped in the air and came out of there like a snake. Then Eddie immediately did the right thing. He got on the dry path where the trucks had been driving over the muddy track, and he kept me to his outside on the deep part. And my own inexperience helped him carry me wide around each of the turns. He gave me a riding lesson that afternoon, there's no question.

But you are supposed to learn through experience, and I try never to forget this. Let me give you a more up-to-date example. In the spring of 1967 I rode Damascus and was beaten by Dr. Fager in the one-mile Gotham at Aqueduct. I rode him badly that day, not in his style of running at all. He broke well, but instead of letting him relax I sent him for about a sixteenth of a mile and he got rank and outran Dr. Fager. That was the day they decided to take Dr. Fager back. After laying second I took the lead around the three-eighths pole, which left Dr. Fager behind me and in perfect position to control the race. He made me move when he wanted to.

Well, I didn't let this happen again the only other time Damascus met Dr. Fager that year. Good horses like these two run truer to form than cheap horses, and everyone knew just about how the mile-and-a-quarter Woodward at Aqueduct that fall would be run. But even in such a race a jock has to be

continued



FINISHING FIRST in the Derby (top), Shoe and Swaps made believers of some Easterners. Of the later match race with Nashua, Shoe says, "Arcaro gave me a riding lesson."

ready to change his plans. For example, in a classic race, if one of the contenders is two or three lengths in front and just breezing, you simply can't let him stay there forever without making a run at him. A cheap horse can be expected to stop and come back to you, but in a classic like the Woodward if you want you'll never catch this kind of front-runner.

In the Woodward it was obvious that Dr. Fager, ridden by Bill Boland, was going to take the lead at the break, because that's the way he runs his best races. It was just as obvious that my trainer, Frank Whitley, would send Hedevaz, who was Damascus' stablemate, out to run with Dr. Fager—and really make him run all-out. The complaining about so-called "rabbit" tactics that came from Johnny Nerud, Dr. Fager's trainer, didn't make sense to me. He used a rabbit with Gallant Man to help beat Bold Ruler in the 1957 Belmont Stakes, and he knows very well that entries, for one purpose or another, are as old in racing as the sport itself. What really surprised me about this Woodward was that Nerud didn't order Boland to take Dr. Fager right back after the break. If I'd been on Dr. Fager and knew they were going to run a real speed sprinter at me and that the horses I had to beat were Damascus and Bluckasser, I'd figure that my only shot at the money would be to stop Dr. Fager before he got going. If you let the two real contenders outrun you, then you have some chance of being able to control the race later on. You might not beat either of them, but neither would you stagger down the stretch on a tired horse who had been forced to make all the pace for the first mile. That's what happened to Boland, and we won.

All this is part of what I mean by experience. A sense of pace, for instance, is not acquired overnight. It takes years and years but, believe me, if you have an idea how fast your horse is going and whether he's running smoothly or not, you can get by with quite a lot. I think that my sense of pace accounted for my winning two of the races I am most proud of. One was the 1962 mile-and-three-quarters turf race, the San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita, with Rex Ellsworth's Olden Times. The other was the 1967 mile-and-a-half Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park with George Pope's Hill Clown. Olden Times

was not a proved distance horse, but he was extremely fast. I popped him on the lead right away and he relaxed so much that I could take a long steady hold on him and let him nod along in a big, high lope for the first mile and a quarter. He went that steady, even lick, and when the others moved at him he blew enough left. If he hadn't relaxed right away, there's no way he could have gotten beyond three-quarters of a mile in that company. Frankly, I thought it was one of the best rides in my career.

In the Sunset the one to beat was Liz Tippet's Pretense, one of the top handicappers in the country. Hill Clown was no great shakes. He had never won over a real distance and didn't figure to have much of a chance. He usually came from off the pace, but when we left the gate I looked around and saw that all the other jocks were throwing their horses down, so I let Hill Clown kind of ease off and take the lead. I think we went the first quarter in 0:24½, the half mile in 0:49½ and the first six furlongs in 1:14½. Again, when the contention finally came up to challenge, I still had a fresh horse and we won. It was a satisfying victory because Pretense was one of the best horses in America and I felt that I personally engineered the right tactics to beat him.

To the general public, of course, the place for a jock to prove that he is a real pro is the Kentucky Derby, and, as everyone is well aware, the Derby hasn't always been the place for me to shine. I've won three of them in 16 tries, which isn't the best average around. I respect the Derby's traditions a great deal. I think it's without doubt the hardest of the Triple Crown races to win. There are two reasons for this. First, you've got a lot of unqualified horses nominated, so their owners decide to run them just for the excitement of it. All they do, generally, is create traffic problems for the real contenders, particularly the come-from-behind horses. Second, in the Derby they run from the word go. Every quarter there's some horse to take up the fight. To survive all of this, both horse and jockey have to be awfully good or awfully lucky—or both.

After my Derby win with Swaps in 1955 I finished 12th the next year on Ellsworth's Terrang. Then came 1957 and I had the mount on Ralph Lowe's Gallant Man, one of the three best horses I ever rode (Swaps and Damascus being

the others). Gallant Man was a bad-legged horse, but he had talent and great courage. At times he could beat any horse—once he beat Bold Ruler going a flat mile, and not many horses could do that. But the 1957 Derby, I suppose, will go down in history as the one I blew to Calumet Farm's Iron Liege by standing up before the finish line. Well, I'll agree with those who believe that—I also think I blew it. But let's take it from the beginning. During Derby Week Johnny Nerud, who trained Gallant Man, phoned me out at Bay Meadows and asked me to ride his colt in the Derby. I agreed and flew to Louisville the day before the race. That night John and Mr. Lowe and I went over the race plans and everything. And it is absolutely true that Mr. Lowe told me that the previous night, Thursday, he had dreamed that his rider had misjudged the finish line in the Derby. When he told the story I sort of laughed and said, "Oh, don't worry about that, Mr. Lowe. That's never going to happen to me. I've been riding too long to let something like that happen to me."

The next afternoon it happened—and to me! There can be no excuse for such a terrible and costly moment of hesitation, but I'll try one anyway. I hadn't ridden at Churchill Downs in a year and that day I hadn't ridden a race before the Derby itself. At Churchill Downs the finish line is about a sixteenth of a mile farther toward the first turn than at any other racetrack in this country. I'm used to normal finish lines, and in the heat of battling Iron Liege through the stretch I thought the sixteenth pole was the finish—and I stood up. Right away I realized I had made a mistake and got back to riding my horse. It's debatable whether my mistake was the difference between winning and losing, but I will always believe that it was—the margin was just a nose, you know.

What this human error on my part did for me was probably far more important than winning or losing a Derby. It made a better person out of me. At the time, I was beginning to believe that I was just the greatest, that I couldn't do any wrong or make any mistakes. I wasn't being smug about it or anything, but in my own mind, you know, that's the way I felt. That Derby experience, that awful thing happening the way it did, really made a better man out of me. Johnny Nerud and Mr. Lowe were terrific about

continued

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it, too. Mr. Lowe gave me \$5,000 and a new Chrysler, and how many guys are you going to find who would do that for a jock who stood up in the wrong place in the Kentucky Derby? Furthermore, he was so sore when they set me down 15 days that he wouldn't run Gallant Man back in the Preakness. "To hell with them," he said. "If you can't ride, I'm not going to run him."

That Derby, incidentally, wasn't the only time I apparently blew a major race. It happened once with Swaps, in the 1956 California at Hollywood Park. Swaps hadn't run in about a month and a half, and he had topweight on him. We wanted him to win, naturally, but didn't want to abuse him if he was winning easily, and this day he looked like he was going to win easily. At the eighth pole I looked around and I was about three or four lengths in front, so I kind of eased up and relaxed. I got Swaps to relax also, and he was already a little tired, so when I saw Porterhouse flying to us on the outside I couldn't get him to run again quick enough, and we got beat a head right at the finish. It was my fault, I suppose, but if Swaps had raced recently I wouldn't have had any problem getting him running again and he would have beaten that field easily.

I came to Louisville the spring after the Gallant Man episode with an over-rated freak who had run some great races in California—beating mediocre horses and getting more publicity than any horse in America at the time. Silky Sullivan had won at Santa Anita by coming from so far out of it you could hardly believe it, but he was just a flash in the pan. How could he spot a colt like Tim Tam 25 lengths and hope to beat him? He didn't, finishing 12th and beaten about 20 lengths by Tim Tam.

I won the 1959 Derby on Tommy Lee by a nose over Sword Dancer, but I really had wanted to ride Sword Dancer, because I thought he was the best horse. Later, with Arcaro on him, he proved me right by being Horse of the Year. Anyway, before the Derby I was supposed to ride Tommy Lee in a prep race at Keeneland and in the Blue Grass Stakes. My agent, Harry Silbert, told Frank Childs, who trained Tommy Lee for Fred Turner, that if we won both those races I would definitely ride Tommy Lee back in the Derby. So far all fine. But after the Blue Grass, Trainer Elliott Burch asked me to ride Sword Danc-

er in the Stepping Stone, just a week before the Derby, at Churchill Downs. We won that easily and suddenly I liked Sword Dancer better than I liked Tommy Lee. I told Harry this and he told Childs what I wanted to do. Childs is one of the top trainers in California and I respect him a great deal, but he answered, "You told us Shoe would ride Tommy Lee and we want him." When Harry came back to me and said, "You can't get out of this, you have to ride Tommy Lee," I replied, "Well, that's a shame because I think Sword Dancer is going to win the Derby for sure."

Bill Boland was on Sword Dancer, and the two of us had it pretty much to ourselves after the first mile. As we rounded the far turn into the stretch we were just about head and head. But Boland looked as though he had more horse under him than I did, and as he pulled up beside me I yelled over at him, "Good luck, Bill, go ahead, and I hope you win it." But then, about the quarter pole, before we straightened away, our horses made contact two or three times. It was nobody's fault, but I knew my horse was bearing out into him. It was here that Boland probably made a mistake, but a natural one under the circumstances. He was on the outside, and if he had moved his horse away from me and gone on he would have won the Derby. Instead, when my horse bore out and made contact with him, his natural reaction was to retaliate by bringing Sword Dancer back into my horse. At the eighth pole Sword Dancer hit Tommy Lee so hard that it made him change his lead. To that point he had been on his left lead, and if Sword Dancer had let him alone he never would have changed—and never would have won, either. But after this sudden contact Tommy Lee switched to his right lead and just had enough left to go on and win by a nose. I'm not knocking Bill Boland, because if I had been on Sword Dancer I probably would have done the same thing. Bill clutched foul on me after the race, and if the films hadn't shown that Sword Dancer had been equally guilty they might have taken my number down.

I had a decent shot at the 1960 Derby on Tompion, the favorite, but he threw a shoe around the half-mile pole, and he may have popped a splint in that race, too. I didn't do anything in

the next two Derbies on Dr. Miller and Sunrise County, and then in 1963 I finished third on Candy Spots, behind Chateaugay and Never Bend. Although Candy Spots was the favorite, and then came on to win the Preakness, I think he was a far better miler than a classic horse. He was big and strong but very rank. Too often he was guilty of putting in one big run and then either loafing or tiring.

I was involved in another Derby dispute in 1964 when I took myself off E. P. Taylor's Northern Dancer and chose to ride George Pope's Hill Rise, and was subsequently beaten a neck. I thought Hill Rise, who had won the Santa Anita Derby, was a better horse than Northern Dancer, with whom I had won the Florida Derby. That was the obvious reason I wanted to ride Hill Rise. But there was another reason, too. Ellsworth and Tenney had finished second in the Florida Derby with The Scoundrel. They thought The Scoundrel could beat Northern Dancer the next time they met, and they were putting a little pressure on me to ride him in the Kentucky Derby. They definitely didn't want to see me back on Northern Dancer, but they gave me an out by saying, "If you can get Hill Rise go ahead, because we think he's the best of the lot. But if you can't get Hill Rise we'd rather have you ride The Scoundrel than Northern Dancer." So I rode Hill Rise, because I, too, thought he was the best horse. And, you know, he might have been.

In 1965 I won my third Derby, this time with Mrs. Ada Rice's Lucky Debonair. He was a maiden at the beginning of the Santa Anita meeting, but before it was over he had won the Santa Anita Derby, beating Bill Perry's Jacinto by four lengths, and, despite his shin problems, he was a pretty nice colt. Actually, in that Derby the best horse may have been Tom Rolfe, who finished third. His jock, Ron Turcotte, made the mistake of trying to move through on the inside at the three-eighths pole. Bobby Ussery was on the lead with Flag Raiser and I was running second. We were a little off the rail, ready to drop into the turn, and suddenly we saw Turcotte trying to get up in there fast enough to keep from getting cut off. I remember Ussery shouting over to me, "This sap's trying to get by on the inside. He's never going to make

continued

it." And Ussery closed the hole on him. Turcotte had got his horse to running, and he had to stop and move around. That doesn't do any horse any good. If he had stayed in there and moved around on a smooth run he might have won it himself.

I took Tom Rolfe after the Belmont for those Chicago races, and he won them all. He was a pretty shifty little horse, small but with lots of heart. He could beat 90% of them, but he couldn't beat a real top horse. He had his chance that fall when we took him to Paris for the Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp. Considering the wrong way of going, the up-and-down course and the flat French shoes they made him run in, Tom Rolfe really did well. He should have been third or fourth instead of sixth. He was all right going up the long hill after the start, but near the top something spooked him and he got rank with me. He took the bit in his mouth and didn't want to make that right turn down the hill. I had to fight him just to keep him within 12 feet of the rails, and you know that any horse going wide on that downhill turn in the Arc is a lost horse. Still, turning for home after losing all that ground, he was right there with the leaders.

In 1966 the Derby was won by Kauai King, and I finished fifth on Abe's Hope, the only horse to have beaten Graustark. Funny about that Derby—it was supposed to be strictly between Graustark and Buckpasser, and neither of them got to the race. I rode Buckpasser in the Flamingo that spring and in all my years of riding I've never seen a finish like his that day. He was hopelessly beaten by Abe's Hope at the 16th pole but picked himself up—almost like magic—to win by a nose. There's no doubt he was a great racehorse, and Graustark may have been, too, although he never got the opportunity to really prove it.

In the 1967 Derby, when he was beaten by Proud Clarion and Barbs Delight, Damascus was more rank than I have ever seen him and he ran one of his poorest races. He didn't act himself at any time, either on the way to the post or even in the paddock. He took a good deal out of himself during the first part of the race, and by the time the field turned for home he had no finishing kick at all. As everyone knows, he never ran that poorly again.

I've ridden a lot of other good horses,

too. After Arciero quit riding I "inherited" the mount on Kelso, but I never had all that much success with him. Maybe Kelso needed a certain kind of rider—a vigorous, busy jock like Malo Valenzuela—to bring out the best in him. On the other hand, I only rode Kelso a few times, and there's no doubt that I could have adjusted myself to him. Still, good horses, the really top ones, shouldn't have to be ridden by any particular kind of rider.

As I said earlier, I dislike those "baby" races of three-eighths of a mile for young 2-year-olds. When I'm finishing on a horse I try to put a flowing smoothness in my style, but in those quick sprints the jock must be all scrubbing and pushing, and that's against my natural way of riding. With older horses I've always found the small, skippy ones more difficult to ride than a big, strong stud horse. You can balance yourself a lot easier on the big ones, and usually they have a better reaction to the demands of the jock. There is a misconception around that I am a better rider on a filly than on a colt. This theory started, I suppose, because I am supposed to have good hands, and fillies seem to respond better to tender handling than they do to an aggressive, rough style. In fact, I don't prefer fillies at all. Most of them are temperamental and subject to sulking fits, and you have to be so-care-

ful that it is a lot harder riding them than some big old colt. You can hit him in the butt and make him do something. Speaking of hitting, I guess I'm not considered to be much of a whip rider, and yet I think I'm good with either hand when I have to be. For some strange reason I can hit a horse better left-handed than I can right-handed.

I see a great future for both international racing and more grass racing. We should have more turf events in this country, but before we do we must improve the existing grass courses by making a better foundation for the turf and possibly also by giving some variety to the design of the courses themselves. It's a real pleasure, for example, to watch a field racing on Santa Anita's grass course, where you come down a hill and even take a slight right-hand turn. Someday, because of better and faster air-freight service, I think we'll see a World Triple Crown, although a lot of differences will have to be worked out before that day comes.

The only foreign international race I have personal knowledge of is the Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp, which is a mile and a half on grass run early in October. I know I'd love to try it again, especially if it was with a proven mile-and-a-half horse like Damascus. As a matter of fact, the experience of riding in Paris in 1965 was so enjoyable that



INSIDE WITH TONY LEE, SHOE BEA'S SWORD DANCER, THE ONE HE WANTED TO RIDE

I've made up my mind—before I quit—to go to France or maybe England and ride a whole season. You know, get in with a top trainer with good horses and a chance to win some races there as well as some of the more important races in England and Ireland. I don't think it would take too long to adapt myself to the French style of racing. Those jocks take it easy the first part of their races, which is about the way I ride anyway when I have a choice. In French races the jocks tend to bunch up their horses a lot closer than we do. They tuck them in behind horses as close to the rail as they can get, and they press right against each other all the way. Then, when they hit the stretch, they fan out. As soon as a French horse is taken out of the closely bunched pack, that's his cue to make his run. I understand their way of racing in France, and I'm serious about giving it a whirl some year before I quit.

Which brings up the subject of when I will quit. I'll be 39 years old this August and might be able to go on another seven or eight years. When Arcaro gave it up he was 46, and he told me at the time he noticed his reflexes weren't as good as they used to be. I get tired, particularly in my back, after a long day of riding, but my reflexes still seem to be good as ever. Eddie once told me, "You and Beata have such perfect timing that you do things with a knack that other riders must do with brute strength. You have the horse running for you, rather than the other way around." If he's right it might mean that riding doesn't take as much out of me as it does some jocks and that I can expect to last a while yet. I'd like to stay in racing—it's been my whole life, after all—but I wouldn't much care about becoming an official. I might like to take a crack at training, the way Johnny Longden has, but I can't be certain now. Besides, I might not like the idea of getting up at 5 a.m. again!

In any case, no matter what I do, I've arranged my life so that I am well taken care of from a financial standpoint. And I do have a good time. Even the race-track isn't all work. During Derby Week of 1965, just a few days before I won on Lucky Debonair, I won a bet when a friend of mine said I wouldn't dare ride a horse in a tuxedo. Well, at 5 in the morning when it was still pitch dark and before all the newspapermen showed up at Churchill Downs, I won the bet



A WINNER ON LUCKY DEBONAIR, SHOE THOUGHT TOM ROLFE PROBABLY WAS BEST

by working this man's horse five-eighths of a mile in my dinner jacket and topcoat. I had such a ball doing it that I wouldn't have cared even if the press guys had showed up. Mostly my spare time is spent playing golf, either at Palm Springs or at the Riviera in Los Angeles, where I have an 11 handicap.

My wife, Babbs, has been a great influence on my life. We live in a high-rise apartment just off Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills and she has made a comfortable home for me. I can do my work without worrying about domestic things, and Babbs has helped me mature, helped me be relaxed around people and enjoy myself. She's been great for me. We don't socialize much with other jockeys. It's not that I don't want to, but most of

them live on the other side of town and it's hard to arrange. Our friends are a cross section of all types—people in show business, businessmen and their wives and other people in sports, too. For a person who spends so much of his time in the world of thoroughbred racing, it's interesting to know people in different fields, to see how they live and talk and so on.

I can truthfully say that I have only one ambition so far unfulfilled. Before I quit I'd like to take the alltime winning record away from Johnny Longden. After that, I don't see why I shouldn't stay in racing. Racing has been very good to me, and I'd like to believe that in future years I can continue to contribute to racing's welfare.

ENO

PEOPLE

"A fast-moving featherweight with a marvelous jab who never gets his left out of your face, but he'd never knock anybody down," said **Norman Mailer** recently. Has Norman discovered a new fighter? No, he was merely describing **Judge Julius Hoffman** as he presides over the trial of the Chicago 7. "You're too high-priced a writer to give us all that detail for free," Hoffman had told defense witness Mailer, in an effort to confine the author to the point. "Just answer the question." And Assistant U.S. Attorney Richard Schultz said desperately, "Make him stop using all those adjectives he used in his book!" Hoffman agreed. "Just tell us what you said and he said." "He's never been very strong on dialogue," observed Defense Attorney **William Kunstler**, sneaking in the kindest jab of all.

♦ What do **Willie Mays**, **Lance Alworth**, **Tom Seaver**, **Ray Nitschke**, **Joe Namath**, **Eric Banks**, **Jerry Koosman** and **Denny McLain** have in common? Until recently they were all amateur golfers. No more. Along with some 90 others, many of them pro athletes, they have been stripped



of their amateur standing for having played, however meekly, in one or more of the last three American Airlines Astrojet Classics or in the 1966 All-Pro Classic. They can be reinstated if they file the appropriate forms with the USGA and abide by its rules for two years. "Golf, unlike some other sports," says the USGA's **Frank Hannagan**, "is, we like to think, enlightened. And don't call them 'disqualified,' as if they were disqualified as human beings." The principal effect of the—well, reclassification—is that the group is now ineligible for pro-ams. However, the fact that they're no longer amateur golfers doesn't mean they're pro golfers, Hannagan points out. "Tom Seaver was quoted as saying that we had declared him a professional, so he couldn't play in the Crosby. He hasn't written us about it yet, but if he does I'll just refer him to his old man who, after all, was a member of the Walker Cup team."

"I put him over a jump . . . a sizable jump, and he took advantage of that moment when he had his head going over the jump and I was a little forward—and he added a few ideas of his

own," said **Ronald Reagan** to a newsman asking about his hip, the result of a fall from a new horse. "No one had mentioned this particular characteristic of the horse, and I discovered it for myself," the governor added. "You might say that what happened to me was that I simply dismounted involuntarily." "Did you get backed off, governor?" another reporter inquired. "I got backed off," Reagan conceded.

Rich McGeorge, a tight end from Elon (N.C.) College, was a first-round choice of the Green Bay Packers in the pro football draft. "That's good," as they would say in the ancient tradition of the cross-talk joke. "No, that's bad. His birth date, Sept. 14, was also No. 1—in the draft lottery." "That's bad all right. But his apartment number in Elon is 4F." "That's good. But not good enough."

Bill Dickey has always been a wing shooter, a man who used to grapple at such length about bird hunting that **Babe Ruth** called him "Partridge" (pronouncing it "Pittridge"). He never had much interest in the rifle, but a recent outing near

San Antonio may have changed his mind. Dickey was just along for the ride with some friends who were hunting when one of them lent him a .270. With his first shot Dickey got a buck through the heart and took a doe standing behind it when the same bullet hit her between the eyes. The following day he downed another buck, from a distance of 300 yards, and a turkey—which adds up to three deer and a gobbler with three shots.

♦ "Now I can do wheelies," reports **George Hamilton**, adding modestly, "Evel can do them at 100 mph, but I'm not in that class yet." Hamilton has become such a fan of *Motorcyclist* **Evel Knievel** (SI, Feb. 5, 1968) that he is going 50-50 with Executive Producer **Fred Niles** of Chicago to produce a film, *The Evel Knievel Story*, with himself in the title role. "We're about the same height and weight," Hamilton says. "I've had racing leathers made to match Evel's, and I'll trim my hair to match his." Hamilton has always been one for getting around in a Rolls-Royce, but when he entered his Knievel phase he took to cycling all over the place. It was rather a shock to discover that Evel himself favors a maroon, chauffeur-driven Rolls, followed by a station wagon hauling his motorcycle in a trailer.

British clairvoyant **Maurice Woodruff** has been predicting things again. For example, **Mario Andretti**, according to Woodruff, is going to break a world speed record this year in a jet-powered car. **Barbara Jo Rubin** will announce her engagement before September and the next America's Cup race will be won by England. "But by fluke," prophesies Woodruff, "as the Americans will be leading most of the way." It will have to be some fluke. England is not a contender in the next America's Cup race.



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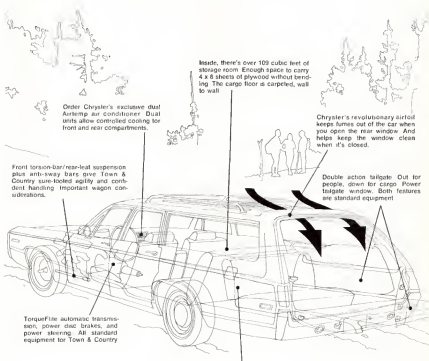


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Florida State Basketball Coach Hugh Durham has had splendid recruiting success over the past few years, but according to the NCAA he is not your everyday Little Jack Horner who sat in a corner, put in his thumb and pulled out a plum. No, what a bad boy is he!

When Durham played at FSU a little more than a decade ago, the Seminoles lost almost twice as many games as they won. Since he became head coach at the start of the 1966-67 season, the trend has been reversed to the point where this year Durham has a group of such talented stylists that even a Horner would abandon the corner to pay to come see. Unfortunately, two weeks ago the NCAA uncovered illegal recruiting practices at Tallahassee and euffed the team with a two-year probation. Now Durham, at 32 a vibrant and extremely likeable sort, is a nice guy who not only will not finish last, he will not finish.

Last week, in what surely was the biggest game in the history of the state, FSU, led by its postmen Dave Cowens and Willie Williams, defeated previously unmarked Jacksonville 89-83 for Durham's most important victory yet. It should finally boost his team to a prominent place in the polls, consistent with its 16-2 record, and to a status heretofore denied it due to considerations that defy all logic.

After the game Durham said he had beaten Jacksonville by challenging 7' 2" Artis Gilmore on offense—in short, by "taking it to their strength." In this characteristically blunt fashion, so has Durham been "taking it to the strength" of the white, rigidly conservative and inflexible citizenry of Tallahassee by developing a team of principally black membership. Four of Florida State's five starters are black (the much-publicized "busted flush"), eight of the 12 members of the team are. All five of the freshman scholarship players are.

There is evidence that Durham's popularity—among local residents unhappy with his disregard of the status quo and among coaches who have lost prospects to him—has not been enhanced by all of this. Moreover, some say that precisely because of the predominantly black team, Florida State's basketball program is a glass house in all matters of recruiting—but a concrete fortress where national polls are concerned.

The trouble began prior to last season, when a disgruntled player who had

Odds on for the Pro Bowl

That's the NCAA probation bowl, and nobody has a cheerier lock on the title than Florida State's Hugh Durham by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

been beaten out of a starting job reported the school to the NCAA. FSU was put on a one-year probation for permitting prospective players to work out on university facilities and for entertaining them outside the normal school area. Early this season new charges were brought by the NCAA regarding "lavish entertainment" of three prospects during an expenses-paid, round-trip visit to Atlanta last May. The players attended two Braves games and watched a show by The Platters. Durham was present, and the bill was picked up by a friend of his, a wealthy Atlanta businessman. Durham claimed he had misinterpreted the rules, that the three had already signed letters of intent to enroll at FSU and were in Atlanta only "for job interviews." (Two of the players, Ron King and Otto Petty of Louisville, are now on the freshman team while the third went elsewhere. Durham says next year's varsity will be the "King high flush.")

Early last month, following a personal investigation that angered him sufficiently to come "this close" to firing Durham, FSU President Dr. Stanley Marshall took punitive measures of his own. He ordered the coach to discontinue all speaking engagements, radio and TV programs, appearances at clinics and plans for a summer camp, and forbade him from engaging in "any and all recreating activities." This action undoubtedly softened the NCAA sentence, which many people in Tallahassee feared would implicate the entire athletic program at Florida State—including football.

At present, though permitted to fulfill duties on the court, Durham is like a man bound and gagged when it comes to what most people regard as 70% of the college game: recruiting. A capable assistant, Bill Clendmen, will do most of it, and Durham's wife, the vivacious Malinda, will go on the road herself. But there are problems. "I blew one the other day," Malinda said. "A boy from Chicago called and said his next

game was in Jacksonville, I said, 'Oh, boy, that's my home town. Maybe I can come see you play.' But then I saw Hugh waving like a madman at me from across the room. The boy meant Jacksonville, Ill., not Florida."

Durham himself is optimistic. "Sometimes adversity pulls people together," he says. "Up until this season we've had a problem stirring up interest here. There is nothing good about the probation... but at least we're gaining attention."

Cowens, the Seminoles' 6' 10" star, has mixed feelings on the matter. "We blame the coach, of course," he says. "The first time—you give him the mistake. On the second probation, you have to question him—for taking such a chance."

Through it all Hugh Durham has maintained his high sense of humor. "We're still in a tournament," he said the other day. "The Pro Bowl. The mythical probation bowl. Last year we had a helluva field—La Salle, St. Bonaventure and us. This year we have Yale coming in and the San Jose track team. If we can stop the San Jose break, we're in."

THE WEEK

by PETER CARRY

EAST Villanova had not played a game on its cozy home court since Dec. 1, so it was certainly time for a good old-fashioned homecoming last week against previously undefeated St. Bonaventure. The Wildcats held the Bonnies' Bob Lanier to just six points in the first half, opened up a 13-point lead and then held on for a 64-62 victory. As usual, Villanova's "ball" defense played a big part in the win, shutting out Bonaventure's star Guard Billy Kalbaugh. After Lanier's 15 points sparked a second-half rally for his team, Kalbaugh had a chance to redeem himself on a layup with just nine seconds to play. To Kal-

continued

baugh's double dismay, the would-be tying shot kicked off the rim and guaranteed the Wildcats' upset. Kalbaugh came back to score 19 points in a later St. Bonaventure win over Niagara 89-81.

Another fine guard, Davidson's Brian Adrian, missed an opportunity in the final seconds to pull out a game for his team. With the Wildcats trailing Wake Forest 74-73, Adrian was maneuvering for a final shot when he tripped and fell while dribbling. That resulted in a jump ball with the Deacons' Norwood Todman, who won the tap and the game for his team.

Penn and Columbia headed into this week's Ivy League showdown by winning three games. The Quakers took the Philadelphia Big Five championship by defeating La Salle 76-67 and then extended their Ivy record to 3-0 by coming from behind in the last three minutes to stop Cornell 64-60. Columbia trounced Princeton, which played without injured high scorer Jeff Petrie, 76-52 to also remain unbeaten in the league.

Surprising North Carolina State improved its record to 15-1 with 106-67 and 119-87 over American University and Clemson, but South Carolina still looks like the Atlantic Coast Conference's best. The Gamecocks also stopped Clemson 97-74, then beat VPI 86-54 and Duke 67-55.

1. S. CAROLINA (10-1) 2. ST. BONA (10-1)

WEST "Sure takes a long time to get into a one-and-one around here," moaned UTEP Coach Don Hawkins after his team lost 66-61 at Utah and dropped out of a tie for the Western Athletic Conference lead. The Miners outshot the Redskins by six field goals, but lost at the foul line. The Redskins made 26 of 36 free throws and UTEP nine of 14. "That's just the way we planned it," said Utah Coach Jack Gardner, who gave credit for the win to his new, foul-free zone defense, and Mike Newlin's shooting. Newlin scored eight field goals and added 11 free throws in 13 attempts. Utah later added a 99-73 win over New Mexico to run its WAC record to 7-0. Gardner, of course, also had the WAC tradition of home-court victories going for him and so, during the week, did last-place Brigham Young. The Cougars upset UTEP at Provo 87-72.

Utah State made it a clean sweep for Beehive State teams over visiting Texans by dropping Houston 91-84. The Hoastons, who earlier in the week had defeated Seattle 92-88 and Montana State 82-69 on the road, were sagging when they arrived in Logan. Their 1-3-1 zone defense huddled around the Aggies' high-scoring Nate Williams and Merv Roberts, leaving Guards Jeff Tebbis and Paul Jepsen free to fire from the outside. They combined for 50 points and, when Roberts later moved outside to open the mid-

dle for Williams, the State center came on to finish with 26.

The Pacific Eight's co-leaders, UCLA and Southern California, flew up from Los Angeles and won four games in the Bay Area. The Bruins used their full-court press for 26 minutes against Cal and still trailed. Switching to a less aggressive defense, UCLA laid back and watched the Golden Bears throw away three posess, giving the Bruins the boost they needed for an 87-72 win. Stanford then fell to UCLA 102-84. Southern Cal defeated the Indians 71-68 and Cal 78-73.

With some help from Boise State, Weber State opened a two-game lead over Idaho State in the Big Sky Conference. Busec upset the Bengals 98-88, then let Weber come from behind for a 92-81 victory.

5. UCLA (10-0) 3. NEW MEXICO ST. (17-2)

MIDWEST Against New Mexico State, just about every Creighton player shot off to a fast start except 6' 1" Guard John Taylor. Without Taylor scoring a point, the Bluejays moved to an early 25-9 lead over the once-beaten Aggies. During the second half, again with no scoring by Taylor, Creighton held off a determined State rally. Then, with 61 seconds remaining and the Bluejays leading by only three points, Taylor took over his team's shooting. He calmly converted four free throws to seal Creighton's 72-68 victory. Dennis Breenahan, a hot shooter all night long, scored 18 points to lead a balanced Bluejays' offense that had four players in double figures. Earlier the Aggies defeated West Texas State 88-65.

Only 80-year-old Mamie Ran, one of Kansas State's best fans, remained unperturbed when the Big Eight-leading Wildcats met second-place Missouri. She simply sat in the stands knitting, confident that State would pull out its 64-63 win. Everyone else came unraveled as the lead changed hands 12 times in the last 12 minutes of play. With 2:55 to go, KSU's Bob Zender tied the score 62-62, and then Wheeler Hughes put the Wildcats ahead with two free throws. When Missouri's Don Tomlinson missed the second of two foul shots awarded to him, State grabbed the rebound and held on for its one-point victory and a league lead of two games.

Texas Christian joined Baylor 90-71 to move into a tie with the Bears atop the Southwest Conference. Rick Wittenbraker scored 23 points for the Horned Frogs, and 6' 8" Center Doug Boyd controlled the backboards. He grabbed 27 rebounds to tie the single-game conference record.

After 27 consecutive losses in the Missouri Valley Conference, Memphis State finally won 85-81 over Wichita State. The Tigers, who led by 13 points at one time, al-

most saw their string extended when they failed to score a field goal in the final 7:33. League-leading Drake, which earlier had beaten North Texas State 95-84, put Memphis back in its old groove by topping the Tigers 82-76.

1. HOUSTON (14-3) 2. DRAKE (10-4)

MIDEAST With 4:41 left to play in Louisiana State's 109-86 victory over Mississippi, LSU's Pete Maravich hit a 21-foot jump shot to become the highest scorer in college basketball history. Maravich, who finished the game with 53 points, overtook Oscar Robertson's old record of 2,973 points and now has a career total of 2,987.

Kentucky lost its first game of the year and the Southeastern Conference lead. The Wildcats were stunned by Vanderbilt 89-81 after winning earlier in the week over Alabama 86-71. The Commodores never trailed in their upset win, and Vandy's Tom Arnhold held back a late Kentucky rally by making six consecutive free throws in the final two minutes. The loss dropped the Wildcats behind Georgia in the SEC as the Bulldogs won over Mississippi State 79-76 and Florida 68-64.

A pair of games on the same night at Chicago Stadium ended up in double disaster for Illinois and Marquette. The Illini, unable to halt Austin Carr, who scored 36 points, and failing to control the boards as Notre Dame's frontcourt blocked out 254-pound Greg Jackson, lost to the Irish 86-83. Marquette Coach Al McGuire explained before his game with Loyola of Chicago that his team's main weakness was poor foul shooting. The Ramblers proved him right. Fighting back from 11 points down at the half, Loyola won 76-72 as Marquette missed 17 of 33 free throws, including seven in a row when the score was tied 70-70. Ric Cobb was the main culprit, missing five in the final 90 seconds. Earlier the Warriors had defeated Wisconsin 60-51.

Ohio University was not as lucky against the Badgers. After four wins over Big Ten teams, the Bobcats lost to Wisconsin 72-69. Two of Ohio's Big Ten victims, Purdue and Ohio State, were winners in league play. The Boilermakers took a 116-103 shootout with Michigan as Rick Mount matched his career high of 53 points. Buckeye Coach Fred Taylor temporarily benched senior Jody Finney, the No. 3 foul shooter in the country and the nation's 10th best shot from the field. He did not appear in OSU's early week 74-71 defeat of Georgia Tech but made a strong bid to regain his starting job by coming off the bench to score 11 points and break down Northwestern's zone defense in a 68-64 Ohio State victory.

5. KENTUCKY (15-1) 2. MARQUETTE (14-3)



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But that's a lot of car for the dollars.





Riding runaway horses and antique iceboats have a lot in common. Wayward the old boats may be, but there are those who love them

Say a little prayer—and go

Like great yellowed moths they moved across the frozen Hudson River, antique iceboats, remnants of a time when the Hudson was iceboat capital of the world and great ice yachters outraced express trains down the bank between Poughkeepsie and Ossining. Recently the antiques began turning up, but iceboating had come a long way in the half a century they had rested forgotten in remote old barns. Boats had benefited from modern aerodynamic principles, and the old Hudson boats were hopelessly outmoded. Still, when they appear at a regatta, even the jaded are moved to emotions they cannot always explain.

"I saw it up there in the rafters, and I don't know why but I just had to have it," John Vargo says of the *Maryellen*, named for his wife. He discovered it in a barn 10 years ago, covered with two inches of dust. It had been built prior to 1860, then been put away and forgotten around 1910 when the icebreakers moved in and Hudson iceboating died. George Fournier's *Ows* is slightly newer. It takes 2½ hours to dis-

assemble for traveling, but he does it regularly, towing it to good ice behind a 1950 Cadillac hearse. The big boats are 30 to 40 feet long, weigh about half a ton and sport 350 square feet of venerable canvas. "They're like freight trains once they get going," Fournier says. An apt image. That's about how maneuverable they are compared with modern iceboats. But do you criticize a '32 Duesenberg for not outperforming a contemporary Ferrari?

A ride in an antique iceboat is an exhilarating experience, but you have to trust in Providence. The *Maryellen*, for example, just might collapse into a pile of toothpicks at any moment. Beneath a new coat of varnish the mast and boom are chipped and cracked and bruised like an overripe banana. At 50 mph every joint creaks, and the boom and faded cotton sails strain perilously against ancient fittings. Vargo has replaced nothing. "You should see her in a hurricane," he quips. "Everything starts coming apart."

The big boats are little more than

two massive beams with saibs; there is a crossbeam with a steel runner at each end and a larger beam extending fore and aft, with a tiller-operated runner at its rear that serves as a rudder. Such boats are called stern steers, and this is their problem. Most of the weight is toward the bow, and on anything but a downwind course the whole contraption has a perverse tendency to spin off suddenly like a top. "When you're barreling along in one of these babies your control is largely theoretical," says Jay Darling, whose stern steerer more than once has flipped him into the open channel of New Jersey's Shrewsbury River.

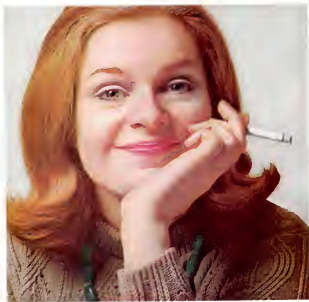
One recent weekend six of the stern steers were joined by 65 modern boats on the Hudson River at Croton, 50 miles above Manhattan. It was a live, three-dimensional, Technicolor history of American iceboating, staged at its ancestral home. Owners of new boats stood back and stared at the antiques like 5-year-olds meeting their great-grandparents for the first time. And packed into two days were all the frustrations and joys peculiar to the sport.

Iceboaters must of necessity be pessimistic. That or a little psychotic. "This sport of ours is a winner when you can do it and a loser when you can't, and mostly you can't," one sailor said. No sport is more dependent on a greater complex of unpredictables. Skiers need snow and soft-water sailors need wind, but iceboaters need ice and wind and an absence of snow and rain. Good iceboating areas are few. However, the Hudson freezes slowly, December snows hadn't interfered, and this weekend it was the only place in the East with suitable ice.

There was a fair breeze on the first morning, when nearly everyone was still in bed. A mile out in the channel the wake of a barge created a two-foot wave under the ice, 12 inches thick but seemingly elastic as rubber. One early arrival rode the wave nearly to shore for the most unusual tack of his, or any iceboater's, career. It could only have happened on the Hudson. What followed, though, could and does happen anywhere iceboaters gather. Everyone arrived, and the wind died. Groups of two and three stood around and waited. "I've seen the wind come out of nowhere," they kept saying, as if reminiscing about such things could cause them to recur.

continued

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Let's face it. I'm no clothes horse. But I've been getting a lot of glances lately from the right places.

It's pretty hard not to look good in these new clothes of mine. You see, they're color coordinated. That's fancy talk I picked up from the fashion boys. It's a ten-dollar way of saying my clothes match. They go together. You know, a green shirt with a green plaid slack and a matching jacket.

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SAILING *continued*

Lunchtime came and went, early afternoon passed without a breath of air, and suddenly at 3:30 John Vargo leaped to his feet. "There's a breeze," he shouted, and two small boats were already moving.

I was invited aboard a modern Skeeter-class boat, 22 feet long, weighing 500 pounds and carrying 75 feet of Dacron sail. Like all modern iceboats it is a bow steerer, rather than stern steerer. Bow-steering eliminates the possibility of spin-outs and is the single biggest improvement in the history of iceboating. The only drawback is that the bow rudder sends up a stream of tiny ice chips that sting your face like needles and make the wearing of goggles advisable.

The Skeeter is the fastest iceboat class, capable of sharp cornering and 100 mph speeds under optimum conditions. Its airplane-type fuselage and airfoil sail make it as sensitive to air currents as a kite, and we hit 40 mph in seconds. It was so maneuverable that there were no fears of collision with others darting close by at similar speeds. We sat deep in the two-man cockpit, inches above the ice, rocketing along at better than 60 on some reaches, although the wind speed was never greater than 12 mph. This is one of the sport's great wonders. The drag of good ice is practically zero, and an iceboat can travel as much as six or seven times the speed of the wind. Its great speed actually shifts the velocity and direction of the wind around it.

Saturday brought a more consistent breeze, and the day seemed an endless swarm of darting, white-winged butterflies with glistening colored bodies; somber giants moved among them. It was midafternoon at Croton when a deep crack was discovered that made an island of a vast stretch of ice bordering the channel. There were jokes about the East's best iceboaters floating down the Hudson, past Manhattan and out to sea. The island stayed put, though, and when it began getting dark everyone hated to leave. A Skeeter made one last run; the antique boats were taken apart and driven away, like old soldiers leaving an army of children. "You can go six weeks without sailing," someone had said earlier, "and then you hit a day you'll remember for 10 years." Filled, as it was, with excitement and nostalgia, it had been that kind of day.

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We'll take Tuesday.

As far as we know, none of the days of the week have been spoken for as yet by anyone.

So we'll take Tuesday, if it's all right with everybody else.



Please make note of the fact that henceforth Tuesday (every Tuesday) is the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

If this scheme is adhered to by all concerned, the other days of the week should take care of themselves. We trust that everything will work out satisfactorily.

Please plan accordingly. Thank you.

Teacher's Scotch

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The ad that made Tuesday famous

66 Proof Scotch Whisky (Bottled and Bottled in 200ml/6.76 fl. oz. Teacher's Scotch Whisky & Spirits Co., Ltd. ©Schaffel & Co., Ltd. Imports)

The brief, violent world of the 600

The Millrose Games people called it the Mel Sheppard 600, and when they sent out four guys in short pants and lined them up last Friday night at Madison Square Garden nobody would fault you if you thought it was going to be a footrace. Some footrace! The only thing they didn't do was plant land mines in the Elastaturf. But, then, who needs explosives when you've got four world record holders, all primed by pride and fused with grudges. After they blast into the first tight turn it's even money they'll have to travel the last 565 yards in wheel-

chairs. Instead of a trophy, the winner has been promised first choice of casts.

All week Lee Evans, the Olympic champion and world record holder in the 400 meters (43.8), had been thinking about that first turn and about Martin McGrady and Larry James and Curtis Mills, the men who would race him to it. Over 600 yards indoors Evans is not the fastest man in that field. But under a roof the race goes not always to the swiftest. Evans runs with great strength, which is of unquestioned value when someone is trying to muscle you out of position on a curve. Too, he runs with a great flaying about of elbows, and if that is without grace there are situations when it is not without worth. McGrady and James both run with superb rhythm, smoothly, seemingly gliding. To beat them you have to unsettle them, bump them and then bump them again—accidentally—off their stride. At lunch Friday, Evans was thinking again of that first turn and of the violence, and he was smiling.

"It's got to be kind of fierce, that first corner," he said. "If you get caught behind guys like McGrady or James at that speed, you might as well hang it up. And when you have four guys like this in a race, four winners, and ev-

erybody knows somebody's got to finish last, it's got to be vicious."

Evans stopped smiling. "I got to believe some guys are going to get hit," he said softly. "And I know it's not going to be me who finishes last."

McGrady, he figured, wouldn't finish last, either. Or, for that matter, even third. McGrady holds the world record for the 600 (1:09), which he turned in on Louisville's eight-lap track, and he's only lost two races at the distance since 1966. All that is rather remarkable, because until this season when he chose to run under the close check of Brooks Johnson, coach of the Sports International Track Club of Washington, D.C., he was never near being in top shape.

At one time Evans and McGrady were teammates in San Jose. "And that dude was something," said Evans. "I'd ask him to come to the track and work out with me. We'd run one warmup lap and he'd lie down in the grass and watch me work out. Or he'd drive up in his car, a 1965 GTO. I'd yell at him to come on and work, and he would. In high boots and street clothes. And we were running 220 intervals."

Later Friday afternoon Evans found Johnson in the lobby of a New York hotel. "Where's McGrady?" said Evans. Johnson shook his head. "You stay away from that dude," he said. "You've got him worrying." Evans almost broke up laughing. "You've got to be kidding me. Martin never worried about a race in his life. Hey, wait a minute. If he really is worried then that means he's got to be in shape." Now Johnson was grinning.

"You know, I saw how easily he won over James last week in Philly," said Evans. "And I kind of thought he might be in shape. But then I said, aw, no. The only way he'd get into shape is if he was living with Brooks. Where's he living?"

"With me," said Brooks Johnson. "He isn't working the kind of sadomasochistic schedule you put in, but he's working hard enough. We had a few problems at first, but no more. I just told him that he's got his own bedroom, two fireplaces, all the jeans he wants, a little walking-around money and that the refrigerator is always full. Now he'd have to hold up his end. And he has."

The rap against McGrady, if it is a rap, is that while he's been unexcelled at 600 yards, it's only an indoor distance, and



BARRELING AROUND THE TURN ARE MILLS, McGRADY—WHO WON—EVANS, JAMES

there's nothing for him to run outdoors. He is, it is said, too slow for the 440, not strong enough for the 880.

"Nonsense," says Johnson. "It's just that he always ran indoors while not in shape. But he had an awful lot of talent and an awful lot of adrenalin. Just super adrenalin. Man, it's like he's high. But it took its toll. By the time he'd get to the outdoor season he was done."

Late Friday afternoon McGrady arrived in New York. Half an hour later he and Evans were in a coffee shop and acting more like members of the same relay team than rivals. "You know," said McGrady, "if I was Larry James I wouldn't show up tonight." Evans smiled and held out a hand, palm up. McGrady slapped at it. "And," said McGrady, "I can't wait to see what Mills does that last 160 yards." Evans covered his mouth with one hand and smothered.

Last month, in San Francisco, Evans and Mills had raced in a 440. It was Mills' first race indoors and the first time he had met Evans since he set the world record for the 440 (44.7) in the NCAA championships. In that race Evans and James had humiliated each other into the Tartan, and Mills, a lightly regarded Texas A&M sophomore, had come on in the last few yards to win. Both Evans and James had taken it as a personal affront.

"The only reason I'm still running," said Evans, who graduated last month from San Jose State with a degree in sociology, "is Mills. I've been racing since I was 11—for 11 years—and I'm tired of it. At first I wanted to beat him outdoors, but now I don't think so. I've got a chance at a coaching job in junior college, and if I get it I'll retire after the indoor season. Just beating Mills indoors, like in the race at San Francisco, will give me enough soul satisfaction." Thinking about that last race made him laugh. "I was sitting up in the stands, and I saw Mills looking at me. I figured then I had his mind. Then in the race he came up alongside of me. I could see him looking down at me like I was going to let him in. I just kept running. He came down, bounced off of me and that was the last I saw of him."

But if Evans was carrying any sort of a grudge against Mills, he harbored it in strange fashion. Before Friday night's race Evans and Mills were standing together by the top of the final curve watching Mills' younger brother, Marvin, run

continued

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TRACK *Phil Keen*

in a section of the 500. Each time Marvin made a tactical mistake Evans would explain to Curtis what Marvin had done wrong and what he should have done. Curtis shook his head. "Man," he said, "I don't know any of that stuff. Don't tell me what he should have done. I don't know what I'm going to be doing when I get out there." If Evans had any doubt about where Curtis Mills would finish in the 600 it now was gone. He had already dismissed James, the shy Villanova senior who holds the world record in the indoor 440 (47.0), as being out of shape and no threat. That left McGrady. And the Mel Shippard 600.

After one false start, Evans breaking, they were off and roaring toward that first turn. And it was Evans, who rarely takes the lead, who arrived first. Or almost first. McGrady figured it was he who had the lead and didn't discover his error until he came down on Evans — and was crunched. McGrady bounced off into James and dropped back, just in front of Mills, who had found safety in last place. "I was going to win the race right there," McGrady said later. "Then Evans hit me, then James, and I sort of fell back. Then Larry made a move, and I just stayed in his wake."

Meanwhile Evans was speeding on, wondering what was happening behind him. He had an eight-yard lead, though he thought it was less. "I kept looking side to side, I was afraid somebody was going to sneak past me. On boards, you can hear if somebody is coming at you. But on that stuff [Elastaturf] nobody makes any noise."

Going into the stretch, McGrady turned it on. He blazed past James, past Evans and his elbows and into the lead. "When he went by me," said Evans, "he really looked loose."

McGrady won in 1:10, a Millrose record. Evans was second (1:10.5), James third (1:11) and Mills last (1:14).

"Some race," said McGrady later. "There I was, eight yards behind and it had just started! That sure wasn't my race plan. I kept waiting for both Larry and Lee to kick, but they never did. Lee looked like he tied up real bad coming off that last turn."

A fellow cornered Brooks Johnson, demanding to know McGrady's strategy. "What strategy?" said Johnson. "He didn't win that race with any strategy. Just with super adrenalin and super guts."

END

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A great golden bubble of euphoria enclosed us at Swansea Airport. The merry sound of breaking glass rang out through the terminal building, a leitmotiv that would be heard again and again through the weekend, and an ecstatic fan, twirling his double Scotch on high, sang gaily to a nursery-rhyme tune, "Roses are red, violets are blue, France three points, Wales 52." Dustraught airline officials, their professional smiles wearing thin, tried to shepherd us through the departure gates. They were having their hardest day of the year. Eighty charter flights were scheduled out of Wales, all headed for the City of Light, all of them filled with fans eager to see the French trampled underfoot in the Wales-France Rugby International—literally and metaphorically. "Look at this," roared Jim Shaddock with relish. He was holding up a copy of the *Western Mail*. NO VIOLENCE, ASKS FRENCH PRESIDENT ran the headline over the main rugby story. We all knew what he meant by that. A few weeks previously, when Wales played Ireland at Cardiff Arms Park, Brian Price, the Welsh captain, had distinguished himself by uppercutting the Irish skipper in front of the spectators. The next day BBC television ran eight playbacks of the incident, some in slow motion, and it was freely suggested that only the royal presence of Prince Charles in the stands prevented Price from being sent off the field. On the other hand, France had its own bully boy, Jean Iracabal, predictably nicknamed Irascible, whom a French newspaper had described as a "notable exponent of rugby and nonrugby," and Claude Dourthe, who was sent off the field at Bris-

—courtland

CYMRU AM BYTH!

If you can translate the above battle cry (Wales Forever!) you are a scholar—and a patriot. If you can shout about it you will be welcome in any pub in Cardiff or Swansea—or even in a Paris café on the eve of a Wales-France rugby match by CLIVE GAMMON

banc last year for kicking a prostrate opponent in the head.

We did board the aircraft in the end. Sixty-odd of us made up of the Swansea rugby team (which had a meeting with Racing Club de France that evening), its committee and officials and supporters, among them Jim Shaddick, who had now, I noted without too much surprise, donned the flowing white headgear of a Syrian prince, complete with red, green and gold headband. Oddly enough, this was not set on fire until we were seated in the bus that took us from Le Bourget to the hotel. There were other things to do aboard the aircraft, a somewhat raddled old Viscount that would spend the day shuttling between Paris and Swansea. For instance, there was duty-free liquor to be bought. "Pardon me, miss," said a burly rugby player, in an exasperatingly polite tone, "but is it true that one can purchase bottles of whiskey on this aircraft?" Lulled by these honeyed words, the hostess moved within grabbing range, was grabbed and stayed grabbed until the second girl brought the captain in. But she had the last laugh. There were only a few half bottles aboard, the aircraft having been drunk nearly dry by the last lot over.

It didn't matter too much, though, since wise and provident characters like Shaddick had taken the precaution of bringing plentiful supplies from home. He now produced a bottle and a cigar and courteously offered me both, observing that sometimes the boys got out of hand. In view of the subsequent behavior of Shaddick himself, I later recalled his words with some surprise, but in the meantime I accepted him as one of the steeper element. "You don't know me, do you?" he asked, putting this right by handing me a sky-blue and silver business card. "The fabulous Mark V," it read, "Swansea's top of the pops. For bookings, apply Robert James Shaddick." He followed this up with a red and green one. "R. J. Shaddick and Sons," it read. "We offer the highest prices in area for all kinds of scrap metals." He rearranged his Arab head-dress, took a long pull at the Scotch bottle and burst into song, an old rugby favorite that goes to the tune of *My Home in Tennessee*, though in fact it is concerned with describing in detail the various tattoos that decorate the torso of the singer's mother-in-law.

"In a few moments," the address system said desperately, "we shall be landing. Will you kindly . . ." The rest of the formula was drowned by an intimidating sound, half a growl of anticipation, half a cheer, the sort of sound, no doubt, that the Visigoths made when the walls of Rome crumbled before them. At home these men no doubt were hardworkers, thoughtful husbands and fathers. But as they climbed out of the aircraft at Le Bourget, you could see five centuries slip away from them. They were Celts again—cattle riders, border thieves, rebels—who were going to sack Paris.

And the international match really started there and then as they curiously viewed their first Frenchmen. They

had certain firm ideas about the French, of course, the most important being that not a single soul in Paris would be able to understand them when they talked. Furthermore, that every Frenchman was out to rob and cheat them in any manner possible. Next, that everything was very dear, except wine, which was very cheap. Next, that they only had to lift an eyebrow to have every Frenchwoman in the place running after them. There were other discoveries to be made also. One of the party emerged from the men's room at the airport with the news that there was a woman in there, with a little table and a bowl of money. We shook our heads. How shameless could you get? "I didn't put anything in the bowl, though," said our informant proudly. For him, ideas two and four had already been confirmed.

It was on the bus that took us to the hotel that they playfully set fire to Shaddick. "Who's burning my bloody burnoose?" he was able to jest as we beat out the flames. The Welsh admire a man who can take a joke. At the hotel, though, we were able to unite against the common enemy, as represented by the clerk at the desk. Shaddick registered as a native of Saudi Arabia, and the rest, ignoring the clerk's effective command of English, addressed him in fluent Welsh. After just a little of this he gave up trying to make us fill out the cards and withdrew, leaving us in command of the foyer and roaring for drink.

In response to this, there emerged a small, bespectacled woman in an apron, who for the next 48 hours commanded my sincere admiration for the way in which she handled 60 barbaric Welshmen. She ignored everything they said and did, except for promptly fulfilling their drink orders, and she did not make the error of the night clerk who, at 4-30 the next morning, tried to close the bar. So insistent was he that it became regrettably necessary in the eyes of some of the younger element to remove him bodily from the scene and to take over his function themselves.

Possibly, Wales being a matriarchal society in which the mother of the family wields a moral authority unknown in England, she struck a chord in these somewhat rugged breasts. The unequivocal gestures and crude invitations that she received in the first few minutes died away uneasily in the steely glint of those spectacles. After that it was strictly business. She ignored the singing and the occasional broken glass. We left her alone to deal with the drink supply. Even when, later in the trip, Mr. Shaddick felt compelled to take off his trousers during breakfast, she kept on serving the coffee and rolls. A true heroine of France, that one.

All the same, she was glad to see us leave that first evening, to keep our rendezvous at the Racing Club de France. For the players in our party, indeed, time had hung heavy. Their Friday evening game against Racing Club, a traditional pipe-opener before the big game on Saturday, had precluded their taking part in the early

junketing, though, as committee members observed sardonically later, they might just as well have drunk themselves under the table for all the effect their abstinence had on the result of the game. They had left a little earlier than the rest of us, and we now followed them along the Boulevard Saint Michel, across the river and out to the stadium of Racing Club.

There is very little resemblance between the headquarters of Racing Club and those of the Swansea Rugby Football Club. This is understandable, since it does not cost \$286 to join Swansea RFC, nor is the subscription \$112 a year, both of which sums are, it seems, happily paid out by sporting Parisians for the privilege of belonging to the former. In Swansea, you sit in a drafty stand on wooden seats that are open to wind and weather. At the Racing Club, though, you watch the game through glass while a soft-footed waiter shows you the wine list.

All that shining glass and silver, the glittering bar, the alien idea that you could watch rugby without risking pneumonia! For at least 15 minutes it had us damped right down, whispering instead of shouting, sipping instead of gulping. An hour passed before there was any singing, two hours at least before the music of breaking glasses reasserted itself—and by that time the Swansea team had been thoroughly ground into the turf. One difference between watching a game from the Swansea bleachers and from the dining room of the Racing Club is that in times of stress, such as when your home team is conceding its third try, you can ignore the sordid spectacle and order yourself another cognac. This therapy appealed strongly to Shaddick and the others, so that by the end of the game they had no hard feelings. Indeed, so carefree was one Swansea supporter that he was moved to perform a characteristic Welsh folk dance known as "Bobbing Up and Down Like This." The words are simple and innocuous, and the act is a solo one. The dancer begins by balancing a tankard full of beer on his head. Bending his knees rhythmically to the music, he sings:

"Sons of the sea, bobbing up and down like this, sailing every ocean, bobbing up and down like this." And so on. Now comes the tricky part. The soloist, each time he bends his knees and bobs down, has to divest himself of an article of clothing, while taking infinite care not to spill any of the beer. A highly skilled performer can strip to the buff in this manner, which is why many hotels in Britain will not accept bookings from touring rugby teams.

The French have the reputation of being a civilized nation with a great love for the arts, but on this occasion they showed no sign of appreciating what was being laid before them. The artiste had barely got his coat off before an outraged waiter rushed up and snatched at the glass, spilling it and spoiling the act. The first waiter casualty of

the weekend might have occurred at this point, but for the fact that a bagpiper in full Highland gear appeared from nowhere, marched across the room playing *Scotland the Brave* and disappeared at the far door, never to be seen again, at least not by us. His presence was never explained, and this was only one of a number of surrealist happenings that decorated the weekend. Another was the appearance in the hotel foyer of an enormously tall and expensively dressed West African, who, recognizing us for what we were, called out in perfectly accented Welsh, "Shw'mae, Dai bach?" which means "How is it going, David, boy?"

After that, the evening fell into little pieces. There was a formal reception at the Racing Club for the more staid members of the committee and for the team, but the rest of us crept back to the Left Bank in little groups. The day had been a long one, and there were two more to go.

At 7:30 the next morning I was first in to breakfast and was peacefully buttering a roll when a man I recognized as a forward on the Swansea side came yawning in. He was carrying a tomato and a bottle of beer, and he wasn't wasting a minute of his holiday. Lightheartedly he hurled the tomato across the room to splatter on the mirror. Then he thoughtfully placed his beer bottle in my dish of strawberry preserve and sat on my table. "I been out all night," he said, proudly and superfluously. "Breakfast!" he commanded in a lordly shout, which brought Mmie. Steely Specs out of the kitchen. "English breakfast," he insisted, "bacon an' eggs. Breakfast. English," he translated for her benefit. Poker-faced as ever, she nodded her understanding. "Two eggs," he elaborated. She nodded again and went out. My new friend rushed after her, and two seconds later she was back again, held high in his arms. He perched her on a table. "I forgot to tell you," he said. "It's got to be Irish bacon."

She brought it, too, in the end, but it was too late for my companion. During her absence, melancholia had supervened. He looked up, caught his reflection in the glass and big tears started to roll down his cheeks. "You poor old chap," he sobbed. "You poor old thing." Then he quietly put his head alongside the beer bottle, one ear in the jam, and went to sleep.

The dining room started to liven up after that. The fans trooped in, looking pale, but neatly dressed and with clean shirts on. In the manner of those who have gone through traumatic experiences together, they all had tales to tell of the night's adventures. One had been clipped \$54 for a steak, but he'd gone back with friends and laid out two of the staff. "We had our money's worth," he said, "even if it was only a couple of waiters." A count, though, showed that nobody had actually been arrested, an improvement on the usual Saturday morning situation. In the last England-Wales game eight of them had missed the match through being in jail. On that occasion a friendly policeman had advised them to get a law-

—Continued

yer. "We've got one already," they said, pointing to a well-known Welsh legal personality slumped in the far corner of the cell.

It would be very easy to depict a weekend like this one as a graph. Gloriously, the fans reach the high point of the curve. Then they slump, but not for long. A demonic, communal energy sweeps them up again, and it doesn't take much to trigger it. In this case the upswipe started when Tommy Bevan, another Swansea junk dealer, hit on the happy idea of having cognac with his breakfast.

The idea caught on. It was a long, happy breakfast, with Steely Specs running in and out with trays of glasses. The singing started again, and it was at this point that Jim Shaddick felt constrained to remove his trousers. Soon, it would be lunchtime—and after that, the ritual crushing of the French at Colombes Stadium.

First, though, we thought, a little look around town. A deep lack of curiosity about this historic city characterized our party, together with a deep suspicion of its inhabitants, but since our only view of it in daylight so far had been from the airport coach it was felt that a brief examination of it would do no harm. Shaddick fetched his Arab headress, and we moved out into the cold and alien air of Paris.

The Boulevard Saint Michel, as seasoned travelers who call it the Boul' Mich' will know, is the great thoroughfare of the Left Bank—gay, cosmopolitan, thronged with students, artists and the like. In fact, a large part of it consists of shops selling briefcases, ballpoint pens and notebooks, a tribute no doubt to the studiousness of the Sorbonne students but no thrill to us. After a couple of hundred yards walking, during which there was little to do except respond to the curious looks of the natives with sour comments, we began to get bored.

It was then that Shaddick decided to make his own fun. "Everybody stop!" he shouted, and he made a big space on the sidewalk. Raising his voice, he began an age-old fairground barker's chant, almost incomprehensible even if you understood English, but with that special undercurrent of excitement in it that make people stop and wait to see what is going on. Off came his coat, and he spread it on the ground.

Now Shaddick took from his pocket a mixture of English half crowns and florins and French francs. "All in now! Last chance to get your money in!" He threw his own money onto his coat. Several of the simpler-minded members of our party hastened to add coins. Then, such is personal magnetism, a small miracle happened. A crowd of natives had gathered. First one, then another, then several of them started shyly dropping money in. I hadn't had a cognac breakfast, and I knew what was coming next. With perfect timing, Shaddick swept up the coat and the money. "Look out, the cops!" he yelled. The crowd melted. Shaddick had chalked up his first

small victory against the French nation. Now we were up, up and away to the top of the curve again. We paraded down the Boul' Mich', eating crepes from greasy bags, savoring the coming triumph. It was time for the red and white favors of Wales to be displayed. Shaddick removed his Arab outfit and assumed a jaunty red cap, with CYMRU AM BYTH! (WALES FOREVER!) embroidered on it. We fouled up the traffic along the Jardin de Luxembourg, singing and yelling amiable threats at the population. We piled into our bus, and even the hour-long ride out to Colombes through the industrial suburbs couldn't discourage us. As we neared the stadium, red caps bobbed in the crowds in greater and greater numbers. When the bus could make no further headway, we abandoned it to join the crowd surging toward the stadium. "Pick us up at 7 o'clock," somebody yelled headily at the driver. Obviously, with the match ending at 4:30 p.m., we were going to need time for immediate celebration before the main events of the night.

Now we were surging up to the main gates of Colombes. Whether by design or not, the Welsh ticket allocation meant that there would be no solid blocks of supporters: we were scattered all over the ground, small nuclei of red caps and banners in the great gray mass, though the French, already braamashed into assuming defeat, were several decibels below the Welsh in noise level. The biggest reaction from the French came when a police band marched onto the field playing martial airs, a long-drawn-out groan punctuated by ironic whistling. Well might the French groan. They had lost 10 international matches in a row. Wales, with its strongest team in years, was fresh from crushing the Scots and Irish by big margins. We sat back in confident anticipation.

Later, facing a spiteful, grin-laden wind that rattled the beer cans in the gutters outside Colombes Stadium, we shuffled along the road. Shaddick's red cap was stuffed into his coat pocket. We had 2½ hours to wait for the bus back to the hotel, and we were all 100 years old. A gay group of French rugby fans marched down the middle of the road, blowing bugles and chanting, "Allez France, allez France, allez!" Tommy Bevan called insults out after them, but that was just a formality, with no teeth in it. The only passion in our small group came from Gwyn Lewis, who kept saying, "Can you tell me, can you please tell me, what Gareth Edwards did wrong?" He was almost in tears. The penalty goal that had followed Edwards' alleged infringement of the rules had started the French comeback. Until then Wales had been winning the international game with fair ease, as everyone had expected. But cutting into the Welsh lead inspired the French. Two minutes later they crossed the Welsh line and tied the score. The game ended with Wales hanging desperately onto the tie.

"Well, we didn't lose, did we?" I pointed out reasonably. Nobody troubled to answer. If you have been brought



The recent Battle of France turned out to be a hard-fought contest that ended in a tie—both on the field and off.

up to believe, as the Welsh have, that your rugby players are stronger, braver, cleverer, faster and probably better-looking than those of any other nation, then a tie, especially against the French, is a shameful affair. Now, deep in depression in this gray Parisian suburb, we mooched along in search of a meal. It takes genius to fail to find a restaurant in Paris, but all we could see were grubby cafes with sandwiches visible chalked on boards outside. "Can't even spell 'sandwiches,'" said Shaddick, confirmed in his low opinion of the French nation. We slouched past shops selling radars, baby clothes, shoes. A butcher's window displayed great festoons of tripe and trays of other, less easily identified offal. Inside, little old women in black were picking over it, but there didn't seem to be anything immediately edible.

In the end, the gastronomical center of the world yielded a small shop selling cold pizzas, somewhat burned around the edges. We moved slowly back down the road, munching the alien delicacy with no pleasure. Shaddick spat out an olive stone and said, hopefully, "I suppose the bus wouldn't be there already?" Two hours before, we had anticipated the spoils of victory in a golden glow, and all that Paris could offer us the way of wine, women and song. All we wanted now was a seat on the bus and an early night.

In the suburb of Colombes one drab street looks much like another. We couldn't even remember where the bus had dropped us. This, indeed, was the low point of the lowest curve. We might have wandered for hours—on every Welsh rugby trip to Paris there are those who do not return home for two or three weeks—had we not heard, like the drums of a relieving army, the sound of voices raised in raucous song and the glo-

rious crash of an overturning table loaded with drinks. Life, it seemed, still went on. We honied in on the noise. It was coming from a drab cafe-bar on the street corner. Drab outside, but not within.

It was crammed, 50-50, with Welshmen wiser than we, who had already forgotten their troubles, and a wild mob of Frenchmen with no troubles to forget. The boys inside had purged themselves of all rivalry, enmity. We were in the middle of a Franco-Welsh love-in. A very small, round, black-haired Frenchman thrust a bottle of beer into my hands. He was wearing a red and blue silk bandanna around his neck. "You should 'ave won," he said, presenting me also with a record. The cover said *Dry or Fier*. We had run into a group as rugby daft as the Welsh, from Dax in the southwest corner of France, close to the Spanish border. To celebrate this newfound amity, they had piled up tables in the room as a concert platform. Nobody was yet performing "Bobbing Up and Down Like This," but it was clearly only a matter of time.

It was just as well that the bus driver came looking for us at 7 o'clock. Otherwise a number of our party might have accepted the generous invitations to drive down to the southwest that very night for an indefinite stay. As it was, some had found their personal Nirvanas and lay quietly oblivious in the corner of the cafe. Like fallen heroes, they were borne out under escort.

For the survivors, though, the night was still young, and back in town the lights beckoned. In Mémorial hundreds of Welshmen, anxious to be shocked, drifted along Pigalle examining the offerings of the multitudinous strip clubs, as foreshadowed in the photographs mounted outside. Not only did they all charge \$4.50 for admission,

continued

we noted, but the personnel employed seemed to be the same in each case. Inside, we were offered champagne at \$40 a bottle. We rose to leave. All right, we could have cognac—\$12 a glass. We rose. Well, beer, then, \$6. No. O.K., orange juice at \$3. Looking round, I noticed that everybody was drinking orange juice, except for two happy Japanese in the best seats who had taken the champagne deal. An undernourished-looking girl dressed for motorcycling appeared onstage, turning green, blue and red. She worked through her routine, from crash helmet to riding boots, then gathered up her gear and pushed past the tables and out of the door in a somewhat anticlimactic manner. The lights went up and there was a 20-minute pause. It might have lasted longer, but we left at that point. At least we could now claim that we had drunk the dearest orange juice and seen the thinnest motorcyclist in the world.

Maybe if Wales had won, things would have been different. As it turned out, the only real action that night was a full-scale civil war between two factions among the Welsh supporters, which began in the imitation British pub on Pigalle and spilled out onto the street. Mercifully we missed that one. By the ridiculously early hour of 2 a.m. we were in bed.

The morning was another low. Silently we read the English papers and their angsts on the match. Only Tommy Bevan had the willpower to order a cognac breakfast, and it was Bevan also who tried to put new heart in us by producing a pocket Bible and reading to us from Psalm 145. "The Lord upholdeth all that fall," he read, "and raiseth up all those that he bowed down." He looked up significantly. "Listen to this," he said. "'The Lord preserveth all them that love Him, but all the wicked will He destroy.' You know what that means. We're going to hammer England in a fortnight's time."

We'd forgotten about England. Now that was something to look forward to. Again the graph took a slight upward turn, and instead of bemoaning the fact that our flight back to Swansea was not until evening, we began to consider the possibilities of our last few hours in Paris. The flea market appeared to have everything. It was open, to begin with, and everything else shut. Then again, there were presents to be bought, to ensure a peaceful homecoming. With a plan we once again became purposeful. Fortifying cognac and a small fleet of cabs were ordered. We hurtled through the sunny, empty streets, across the Seine, incurious as to the identity of the white and shining buildings of Paris. Our drivers, entering into the spirit of things, drove side by side, keeping pace so that drinks could be passed between the cabs via the windows. At the flea market we merged with Sunday morning shopping throngs, though we did not remain anonymous for long, not after Tommy Bevan decided to buy himself a sailor suit.

In what circumstances that suit reached the flea market

is unknown, what American sailor was compelled to let it go and for what price. But it had two rows of medal ribbons and a lot of gold stripes, and as soon as Tommy Bevan saw it he knew he had to have it. Naturally, you can't buy a suit without trying it on. Tommy, with a growing and admiring crowd around him, slipped out of his best blue suit and stood flexing his muscles in the March sunlight. He might not have been as graceful as the girl we had watched the previous night, but he was putting a lot more spirit into it. On went the naval uniform, to a polite scatter of applause. Tommy paid up and looked round for his own suit. It was gone.

"Ha, ha," said Tommy. "Very funny. Now let's have my bloody suit." Everybody looked at him blankly. "What suit?" said Shaddick. We all looked about us, helpfully. "No suit."

"You've sold my suit," said Tommy. "Haven't you?" "Never mind," said Shaddick, "you look lovely as you are."

Tommy took a long swig from a proffered bottle. "It's a nice *war* suit," he admitted. He stroked his medals. "How much did you get for my suit?" he asked Shaddick. "Fifty francs."

"You was robbed," said Tommy. Obviously he was going to take this one philosophically. We moved down along the stalls. One of them featured a trestle table and a row of large perfume flasks. Mistaking the nature of these, one of our party poured himself a generous measure into the empty glass with which he had thoughtfully provided himself on leaving the hotel, raised it to his lips and drank freely of it as the anguished proprietor rushed across, to be intercepted by Shaddick. "How much?" said Shaddick, menacingly. "One franc," quavered the stall holder. It was the biggest bargain we'd had in Paris yet. So that none should be wasted, the undrunk portion was poured in a libation over Tommy, in partial recompense for his lost suit. The stuff was so penetrating that anyone who came near him thereafter was contaminated, causing a lot of marital discord on the party's return.

Led by Tommy in his sailor suit, we now looked round for lunch. First, though, a little aperitif. In a cafe-restaurant near the market, the wine flowed for us. The rugby songs roared out again. By the time we had to leave we had organized a small dance, conscripting without too much difficulty the lady stall holders of the flea market. Tommy Bevan cemented Franco-Welsh relations further by kissing all the babes and handing out franc pieces.

Still wearing his uniform, he led us back to the hotel, into the bus and away to Le Bourget. They gave him back his suit then, of course. Paris is one thing, but a Welsh matriarch waiting at the home airport is another.

We came home in the same tatty old Viscount, with the same hostess, only this time she stayed up near the flight cabin the whole trip. She needn't have worried. For us, the war was over.

When your home's on wheels, you'd better put a good foundation under it. To level the dips. Soak up the jolts. Straighten the curves.

Like Chevrolet does.

Our Independent Front Suspension, with coil springs, lets each wheel react separately. That keeps road shock from being passed back and forth, between the wheels.

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But during a long day's drive, what you'll savor most is that Chevrolet ride. And sweet it is.



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Home, sweet-riding home.



There's a lot of love tucked into this Valentine Heart from BRACH'S. A lot of love and the greatest candy in the world. It says all the tender things that seem too sentimental to say aloud. Says them sweetly with fifteen different kinds of chocolates.

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given her your
heart...give her
ours February 14.

BRACH'S
FINE CANDIES

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA, San Diego is in sixth place in the West, but it has lost its lead in the league lead in rebounding with a 16.2 average, replacing San Francisco's injured Nate Thurmond. Los Angeles' West Coast team is in second place, averaging 31.6 as the second-place Lakers were all four of their games. West scored 38.41 and 36 in the first three games. They had 27 at a 4, defeated Atlanta 103-57 to come within half a game of the lead. The Los Angeles Clippers dropped two out of five and fell farther behind New York, which enjoyed a 5-0 week.

ABA—The Denver Rockets almost made it to the top in the West, but the New York Nets beat them 113-90. The Rockets' first loss in 16 games, and fell to second place behind New Orleans, which won one out of three in the East. Behind the playing of Center Spencer Haywood, the Rockets in rebounds with 19.3 per game and is second in scoring with a 98.7 average, and with the coaching of Al McGuire, who took over only a month ago, the Rockets have moved from last place and a 4-19 record to second and 25-22. In the East, Indiana won a couple but lost a couple in a five-game week.

AAA—East New York (2-3) Milwaukee (2-3) Baltimore (2-3) Philadelphia (2-3) Cincinnati (2-3) Boston (2-3) Detroit (2-3) New York (1-4) Los Angeles (1-4) St. Louis (1-4) Chicago (1-4) Kansas City (2-3) San Francisco (1-3) San Diego (1-3) Seattle (0-1)

ABA—East Indiana (2-3) Baltimore (2-3) Cincinnati (2-3) New York (1-4) Pittsburgh (2-3) Miami (2-3) New Orleans (1-4) Detroit (2-3) St. Louis (2-3) Washington (2-3) Los Angeles (0-2)

BOXING—The 32-year-old American Emilio Aguinaldo, a 220-lb. heavy weight to British and also won a world title in the 1930s, fought San Francisco's Mike, the 1930s, 170, strong world champion, almost two dozen of the 80 strikers, including the previous favorite, Howard Chandler, which was a surprise.

SOCCER—ITALY captured its fifth world title, in 10 years, when a last-minute goal by Silvio Piola edged the West Germans 3-2 in a 90-minute match at the St. Moritz, Switzerland arena.

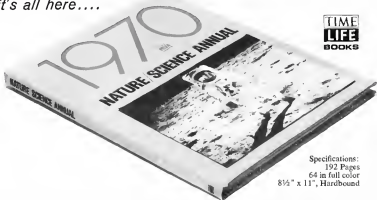
BASEBALL—DAVE DAVIS of Miami defeated Earl Anthony of Tacoma, Wash. 244-237 and New York's Andy of Houston 218-172 to win the \$10,000 winner's purse at the \$60,000 PBA San Jose Open.

BASEBALL—GEORGE FOREMAN, the 26-year-old Olympic gold medalist, knocked out 245-pound Jack O'Halloran of Boston in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round match at Madison Square Garden for his 15th consecutive win.

In his first middleweight fight, CURTIS COPELAND, the former world welterweight champion, knocked out Mexico's Roberto Pena at 1:47 of the fifth round in Fort Worth, Texas.

GOLF—PETER BROWN, who has won only one PGA tournament, in 1964 shot a seven-under-par 64 in the 18-hole, 36-hole, 72-hole, 108-hole, 144-hole, 180-hole, 216-hole, 252-hole, 288-hole, 324-hole, 360-hole, 396-hole, 432-hole, 468-hole, 504-hole, 540-hole, 576-hole, 612-hole, 648-hole, 684-hole, 720-hole, 756-hole, 792-hole, 828-hole, 864-hole, 900-hole, 936-hole, 972-hole, 1008-hole, 1044-hole, 1080-hole, 1116-hole, 1152-hole, 1188-hole, 1224-hole, 1260-hole, 1296-hole, 1332-hole, 1368-hole, 1404-hole, 1440-hole, 1476-hole, 1512-hole, 1548-hole, 1584-hole, 1620-hole, 1656-hole, 1692-hole, 1728-hole, 1764-hole, 1800-hole, 1836-hole, 1872-hole, 1908-hole, 1944-hole, 1980-hole, 2016-hole, 2052-hole, 2088-hole, 2124-hole, 2160-hole, 2196-hole, 2232-hole, 2268-hole, 2304-hole, 2340-hole, 2376-hole, 2412-hole, 2448-hole, 2484-hole, 2520-hole, 2556-hole, 2592-hole, 2628-hole, 2664-hole, 2700-hole, 2736-hole, 2772-hole, 2808-hole, 2844-hole, 2880-hole, 2916-hole, 2952-hole, 2988-hole, 3024-hole, 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Keeping up with astronauts kept most Americans fairly preoccupied during the past year, at least so far as science was concerned, but scientists themselves were keeping busy in other ways. Working at the sites of ancient cities, or under the ocean, or in laboratories around the world, they have been involved in projects vital and fascinating to all of us. To provide an up-to-the-minute review of these newsworthy developments, the editors of TIME-LIFE Books have brought together in a hardbound, profusely illustrated annual a record of the most important events in these fields last year.

The annual includes a wide variety of superb interpretive articles and picture essays. There is an article by TIME Medicine Editor, Gilbert Cant, on the ethical implications of heart transplants, (e.g., When is a donor dead?) and another dealing with the discovery of Sybaris—the ancient Greek colony deemed one of the most important archeological finds since Pompeii. Former LIFE Science Library Editor, Robert Claiborne, writes about the possibility that the world's largest and most majestic mammal, the whale, may be hunted into extinction by the end of the decade. Other articles examine the

slow drift of the continents, pulsars, those stars that emit precisely regular pulses of radio energy and the comeback of steam and electric cars. The five striking picture essays include a study of the geological features of the moon; a discussion of hybrid agricultural products that may provide some answers to the world's hunger problems; and a fascinating look at some African wild dogs which display many of the same behavior patterns that distinguish early man from the other primates. All of this is contained in 192

information-filled pages, 64 of which are in full color. The book is durably hardbound and measures 8½" x 11".

For easy reference by students or anyone else who needs accurate up-to-date information, the editors have included a summary of events in nature and science during 1969, a listing of Nobel Prize winners and their achievements, as well as a complete index.

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JOBS is

Because 15,000 American companies knew a
Because 100,000 hard-core unemployed

Last March, the National Alliance of Businessmen was formed to work with the Government on a problem of critical national importance. The Program: J O B S (Job Opportunities in the Business Sector). The Task: to hire, train and retain the nation's hard-core unemployed. To find and fill 100,000 jobs by July 1969; 500,000 by 1971.

They are being hired.

The first year's goal has been reached seven months ahead of schedule! In the nation's fifty largest cities J O B S is progressing at the rate of 20,000 placements per month—*over double the anticipated rate*. At the end of December, 100,000 hard-core workers

were on the job...earning an average of \$2.25/hour.

They are being trained.

Companies are bringing the hard-core into the mainstream of American business by providing the new workers with special training both educational and vocational. And by conducting imaginative "sensitivity" programs to help foremen and supervisors understand the unique problems of the hard-core.

Extra training costs are being shared by Industry and Government. In two-thirds of the cases these costs have been voluntarily absorbed by the individual employers. One-third of participating companies have signed

working

**sound business proposition when they saw it.
are now on payrolls instead of relief rolls.**

contracts with the Department of Labor.

They are being retained.

Two out of every three hard-core workers have remained on the job... better than the normal rate for all entry-level jobs.

Based on this high job retention level and upon the success of the training programs, *97% of employers surveyed said they will continue hiring the hard-core.* They maintain that the J O B S Program is "the most practical way to solve the problem of the hard-core unemployed."

JOBS is still urgent business!

Success to-date has been extremely encouraging. But thousands of the hard-core are still waiting...waiting for the chance to

develop their abilities; waiting to fill industry's growing need for skilled workers.

Special training funds continue to be available through MA-4 contracts with the Department of Labor. Call the National Alliance of Businessmen office in your city for complete details.

The J O B S Program is more than an obligation to the country and to the economy. It's a prime business opportunity for your company.



National Alliance of Businessmen





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That's why avalanche buster Walt

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And it worked.

We received over a million nice comments about our service from people all over the world, which proved to us that the most important thing to our passengers is the way they are treated.

So whatever it takes to give you exceptional service, that's what we'll do.

SOMEHOW, I FEEL MORE

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HARRIED HEIDI

Sirs:

I have just finished reading William Johnson's five-part article on television and sport (Dec. 22 et seq.). I think that most people will tell you that network television has done more bad than good. First of all, television has helped inflation with its high rates for commercials. Two hundred thousand dollars for a one-minute Super Bowl commercial? Ridiculous! Luckily the networks have not yet affected basketball and hockey too much, and let's hope they don't or we may really see sponsors' prizes take their toll in the stores.

HURRIE? ALLEN

Jersey City, N.J.

Sirs:

I would like to make a comment on WFIL-TV Producer Leonard Levin's letter (19th Hole, Jan. 26). He asks you to compare the 12½% of total TV football game time spent on commercials with the percentage of advertising copy in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. He seems not to realize that a reader can turn the page and proceed immediately to the next article if he so desires.

CHARLES L. LERMAN

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

William Johnson's account of NBC's foul-up in the *Husk* affair leaves out an interesting sidelight. During the showing of *Husk*, which I sat and watched in something of a state of shock, NBC ran occasional banners across the screen informing viewers of the outcome of the Raider-Jet game (not during any commercials, of course). One of these occurred at the climactic moment when the little girl steps out of her wheelchair and walks. So NBC not only loused up the football game but effectively ruined the climax of *Husk* as well.

MICHAEL A. NORELL

Addicks, Texas

ROYAL FORTUNE

Sirs:

Bob Cousy was unquestionably one of basketball's most outstanding players, but his coaching skill really that commendable (Cousy: *Makes the Royals Run*, Jan. 26). His various fines and his team-unity doctrine are certainly steps in the right direction. But what about that all-important cynicism of any pro team, the won-lost record? No one can ignore the fact that this year's record is still below last season's: 35-39. 500 mark. Royal supporters place considerable blame on injuries, but teams with better records have had the same prob-

lem. Indeed, future years may bring Royal fortune, but let's tell the success stories after they've been lived.

DALE REIDER

Reading, Pa.

Sirs:

William Leggett's article on the revamped Cincinnati Royals was interesting to be sure. I wonder, though, if upheaval for upheaval's sake, without evident positive results, merits cover-story reporting in lieu of more vibrant tales lurking within the pro basketball lar. Royal-style ball still produces fewer wins than losses, still draws pathetic "crowds" and has hardly stirred the blood of enthusiasts around the circuit.

One more thing. If, as Leggett suggests, Cousy stepped on onto Wisconsin Avenue from the Milwaukee Arena's rear door, I cannot appreciate that erstwhile coach's respect for Lew Alundor. Any man capable of gobbling up three city blocks with a single step couldn't possibly stand in awe of a mere 7-footer. That "heavy rear door" is on State Street!

Tom SWANSON

Milwaukee

● Bob Cousy, take one giant step.—ED.

MORRIS ISSUE

Sirs:

It thrilled me to read an unbiased account of the Brigham Young University situation (*The Other Side of "The Y,"* Jan. 26). And so very fair of you to interview in depth only non-Mormons! Remember that terrible old "joke" about the Southern colonel who said, "Suh, I'm agin' only three things: ignorance, prejudice and Niggers!" The new version has a clenched black fist, "Mán, I put down just three things: ignorance, prejudice and honku Mormons."

Either way, it's not funny. Or are ignorance and prejudice kosher now—just as long as they are only directed toward certain groups?

I. C. MELNE

Sierra Madre, Calif.

Sirs:

William F. Reed states that "the doctrine that men with black skin are not qualified to enter the church's priesthood was incorporated in the writings of Prophet-Founder Joseph Smith." He further states that "polygamy was once a pillar of Joseph Smith's theological structure." It should be noted that the revelation on polygamy was not presented to the Mormon Church until 1832, eight years after the death

of Joseph Smith. Anyone who has studied the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints can plainly see that such doctrine was not consistent with the beliefs and practices of Joseph Smith or the church during his lifetime.

I am a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which was formed in 1852 by Joseph Smith's son and members of the early church who did not choose to move West with Brigham Young. Since 1860 the RLDS Church, as it is known, has been led by the sons and now by the grandson of Joseph Smith. The doctrines that the Mormons give Joseph Smith credit for are ideas brought forth by people who spent too much time in the last sun! The RLDS Church has never practiced the doctrine of polygamy, and I am proud to say that within our church there are men of the Negro, Oriental and Indian race who belong to the priesthood.

I think that what the Mormons are doing is an injustice to the Negro race. I also consider the improper reporting of the facts surrounding the case in point an injustice to all the people who have been associated with Joseph Smith and the doctrine of his church. The situation at BYU will undoubtedly continue to receive attention, as it should. I sincerely hope that the facts will be properly represented.

W. M. BARNHARD

Independence, Mo.

Sirs:

As far as my thoughts on your article *The Other Side of "The Y"* go, all I can say is: amen. S.L. amen.

MARK BURK

Norman, Okla.

BIG BILL

Sirs:

Your magazine often irritates, because it carries so much of the New York coverage it gets a little thick. The 10 pages on Hawaii in the bowl issue with one line on the Pasadena game was a real boo-boo. The purpose of this letter, however, is to congratulate you on your series on Bill Shoemaker (*Out of the Oven and into the Winner's Circle*, Feb. 2 et seq.). This is long overdue.

Recently, for my own amusement, I ruled all athletes since World War II against some common measurements. These included the requirements that the athlete be consistently at the top of the national standings, win the big money events, perform throughout the country against the best competition, have the highest percentage of winning seasons and establish records that will stand the test of time. After all the sta-

istics were compiled Shoemaker stood head and shoulders above all participants, with Bill Russell second and Korfax and Unitas third and fourth, respectively. Shoemaker's \$41 million in purses, five national championships, 5,855 winners and his incredible 24° lifetime average is astonishing when measured against any jockey who ever rode.

EDWARD T. JORDAN

Arlington Heights, Ill.

VIKINGS BEARDED

Sirs:

Perhaps the Minnesota Vikings could have used this admonition found in an excerpt from our game preparation plans for the 1932 Southern Cal-Notre Dame football game: "Watch for Ray Spurling on the end around on big yardage situations. Play the weak-side end straight on, and work over his outside shoulder." Even though these battle plans were drawn (by Head Coach Hank Anderson) during the archaeological age of football, they might have saved the extreme embarrassment suffered by the Vikes in the Super Bowl debacle, especially during those three carefree vacation trips Frank Pais took into Minnesota's land of the sky-blue waters.

As a beardless sophomore, I was never juked three times in one game on the same sucker play. The Vikes have beards (I hope) and are paid (I hope) to react to the unusual.

DICK PRESTERLE
Tackle

1932 Notre Dame
football team
Appleton, Wis.

LIFESAVERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article on cold-weather camping (*Hot Tips for Cold Biers*, Jan. 26). I was introduced to polyurethane by Steve Perin of the Olaté Company after a winter expedition to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of northern New Mexico. Now after having used the polyurethane bag I am anxiously awaiting the revolution in camping equipment.

One point that your article failed to mention was that polyurethane functions when wet. Several times this has been a lifesaver for me.

ALAN W. KELSO

Columbia, Mo.

Sirs:

More power to James Phillips, a man "with a little adventure left in his soul." But his wilderness enquette could stand some improvement. The practice of cutting branches and boughs to make a forest bed is definitely *ow*. There are far too many Americans and there is far too little wilderness. The thing to do, as the saying goes,

continued



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*Our full name is Douwe Egberts Tabakmaatschappij. Quite a mouthful to pronounce, isn't it? That's all right.

You may call us D.E.

Most of our
friends
do.



Hand Blended in Holland

19TH HOLE continued

is "take nothing but photographs, leave nothing but footprints."

BRADLEY J. SNEYDER

South Hadley, Mass.

RESTRICTED CHOICE

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine black-and-white action shot of the great sport of hedge (S&I-High Stakes) on London Bridge, Jan 26) You should, however, devote greater attention to the training, cross-training and split-second timing required to shuffle, deal and hold those elusive playing cards and emphasize the physical skills necessary to sit in a chair while grasping or manipulating cocktail glasses, cigarettes, scorecards and pencils. I am looking forward to similar features on other often-neglected sports, e.g., horseshoe, jacks, canasta and fifty-two pick-up.

RICHARD EGGERTS

Washington

Sirs:

When Victor Mello said, "That the great should err and be seen erring is forever a comfort for lesser mortals," he implied that Jeremy Flint erred when, after dropping Omar Sharif's queen, he returned to his hand and finessed dummy's 10. According to the Rule of Restricted Choice, Mr. Flint's play was not an error but eminently correct. In fact, the odds in his favor were slightly less than 2 to 1. In this case the operation was a success but the patient died.

CHARLES C. DONOH

Parkersburg, W. Va.

HIGHER AMERICANS

Sirs:

I wish to commend you for criticism of the action of the NCAA in its suspension of Yale and San Jose State as well as Gary Freeman (Sports Illustrated, Jan 26). How sadly ironic that an organization founded in order to protect athletes should be an instrument in the destruction of athletic competition.

BOB DI VISM
Editor-in-Chief

The Dominican
Davidson, N.C.

Sirs:

The concept of amateur collegiate athletics demands that college sports programs exist for the benefit of college students and not for the eccentric pleasure of a small group of football-minded men. The time has come to ban the NCAA from all collegiate sports.

PHILIP L. ANDERSON

St. Louis

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg.,
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Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

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